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CHILDREN'S

Hymn Book.

FOR USE IN THE

Sunday Schools

OF THE

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

SECOND EDITION.

PUBLISHED BY THE

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Price, Ten Cents.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
GEO. Q. CANNON & SONS CO., PRINTERS.
1897.

UPB

PREFACE.

FOR the convenience of the increasing multitude of our Sunday School attendants we have decided to publish and now present this, the first edition of Twenty thousand copies of the word edition of the Deseret Sunday School Union Song Book. It contains the words of all the pieces published in that useful work with the addition of one song and a number of our congregational hymns. The latter are here presented with the view that the children may become thoroughly familiar with the words and music of those historical and soul-stirring old pieces; thus becoming linked in sympathy to their parents and elders in those "songs of the heart" so intimately connected with the latter's life experience.

Your Brethren,

THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOARD.

Salt Lake City, July 1st, 1896.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In the short period of four months the entire first edition (20,000) of this Hymn Book has been sold, and the demand has not ceased. The Deseret Sunday School Union therefore feels justified in placing this second edition (15,000) before the public with the full assurance that its appearance will be acceptable to our Sunday School workers and scholars. No changes have been made in the arrangement or paging of the hymns; but a few improvements have been introduced: The names of the authors have been appended to many of their productions, one hymn has been added, the index has been re-arranged, and the binding of the book has been strengthened.

Salt Lake City, December 31st, 1896.

CHILDREN'S

Sunday School Hymn Book.

No. 1. STARS OF MORNING, SHOUT FOR JOY!

(Song Book Page 9.)

1 Stars of morning, shout for joy!
Sing redemption's mystery;
Holy, holy, holy, cry,
And praise the Lamb.

2 Ethiopia, stretch thy hand!
Come ye tribes of every land,
Countless as the ocean's sand!
To praise the Lamb.

3 Savior, let Thy kingdom come,
Now the man of sin consume,
Bring the blest millennium,
Exalted Lamb.

No. 2. THIS DAY WE COME BEFORE THEE, LORD.

(Song Book Page 10.)

1 This dav we come before Thee, Lord
To sing Thy praise with sweet accord,
Before Thee bending pray.
Be Thou our steadfast hope and shield!
Help us the Spirit's sword to wield;
Protect us on life's way.

2 O Lord! may Israel do Thy will!
On Zion's consecrated hill,
Thy name shall honored be,
By righteous ones like lion's bold,
As prophets anciently foretold,
Putting their trust in Thee!

3 Reveal to all Thy sov'reign might,
Thy truth and mercy, love and light;
Oh, then we shall be blessed!
Lord, may we imitate Thy Son!
And when our work on earth is done,
Enter into Thy rest!

E. Hanham.

No. 3. LAND OF THE BLEST.

(Song Book Page 11.)

1 We sing of the land of the blest,
We talk of the Saints' home of rest,
Of its joys we are all impressed,
But what will it be to be there?

2 To share with the joys of that land,
Shake each of our friends by the hand,
And unite with the holy band,
That's what it will be to be there.

3 Then strive, children, strive to meet there;
Be fervent and constant in prayer,
Then its heavenly light you'll share,
And know what it is to be there.

J. K. Hall.

No. 4. NEARER, MY SAVIOR, TO THEE

(Song Book Page 12.)

1 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Ever I'm striving to be
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!

Trusting in Thee I confide,
Hoping, in Thee I abide—
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior to Thee!

2 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Proved by my trials I'll be
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
Humbly I come to Thee now,
Earnest. I prayerfully bow—
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

3 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer, to Thee;
Ever my anthem will be
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
Loving Thee, ever I pray,
Aid me Thy will to obey—
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

4 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Let me by holiness be
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!

When all my trials are done,
When my reward I have won,
'Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

J. L. Townshend.

No. 5. MY SABBATH HOME.

(Song Book Page 13.)

1 Sweet Sabbath school, more dear to me
Than fairest palace dome,
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath home.

CHORUS:

Sabbath home, blessed home,
Sabbath home, blessed home,
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath home.

2 Here first my willful, wand'ring heart,
The way of life was shown;
Here first I sought the better part
And gained a Sabbath home.

3 Here Jesus stood with loving voice,
Entreating me to come,
And make of Him my only choice
In this dear Sabbath home.

No. 6. BEAUTIFUL WORDS OF LOVE.

(Song Book Page 14.)

1 O, holy words of truth and love
We hear from day to day,
Revealed to Saints from God above,
To guide in heaven's way.

CHORUS:

Beautiful words of love,
Coming from God above;
How sweet, how dear the words we hear;
They're beautiful words of love.

2 They're from apostles good and true,
Whose names we all revere,
Who daily teach us what to do
In words of love and cheer.

3 They're from the prophets God inspires,
In counsels oft withstood,
Reproving all our ill desires,
Commending all that's good.

4 And from each chosen one that speaks
By aid the Spirit gives,
For every sphere of life it seeks
For every one that lives.

5 As gems of wisdom pure and bright,
That glow with lustrous ray,
We'll seek to gain these words of light
Their counsels to obey.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 7. FAITH.

(Song Book Page 15.)

1 The mind's complete conviction
That things unseen may be,
Assured by testimonies
That truthfully agree,
Is faith, as mere believing
In evidences true,
And all degrees possessing
Have those who truth pursue.
But faith regarding heaven
A gift must be from God,
The Holy Spirit giving
Its evidences broad.

2 The gospel then obeying,
Our faith in things above,
The Holy Ghost our teacher
Increases with our love.
Till faith in truths presented
To knowledge grows each hour,
While faith and knowledge blended
Become the gospel power.
By promised gifts receiving
We prove our faith is true,
And onward to perfection
The narrow way pursue;

3 While faith combined with labor
We join in sweet accord,
In building up the kingdom,
The Zion of our Lord.
So faith is more than shallow
Belief in things above,
'Tis hope and trust accruing
With confidence and love.
'Tis power as God commissions,
In Priesthood now conferred,
Till man, and sea, and mountain
Must, yielding, heed its word.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 8. JUBILEE SONG.

(Song Book Page 16.)

1 O, Lord, accept our Jubilee,
And from all care let us be free,
While we are here wilt Thou impart
Thy love and grace to fill each heart.

2 Let Thy good Spirit on us rest,
That one and all may thus be blest;
Unite our hearts with one accord,
To comprehend Thy will, O, Lord.

3 Our Sunday Schools may they become
The crowning pride of old and young!
And all find out the better way,
For this and more we all will pray.

Samuel L. Evans.

No. 9. I'LL SERVE THE LORD WHILE I AM YOUNG.

(Song Book Page 17.)

1 I'll serve the Lord while I am young,
And, in my early days,
Devote the music of my tongue
To my Redeemer's praise.

I'll praise His name that He has given
Me parentage and birth
Among the most beloved of heaven
That dwell upon the earth.

2 O, Lord, my parents here preserve,
To teach me righteousness,
That my young feet may never swerve
From paths of holiness;
And, like the faithful ones of old,
Who now behold Thy face,
May I be formed in virtue's mold
To fill a holy place.

3 While youth and beauty sweetly twine
Their garlands round my head,
I'll seek, at wisdom's sacred shrine,
The gems that never fade.
Long may I sing Thy praises here
Among Thy Saints below,
And in eternity appear
With them in glory, too.

E. R. Snow.

No. 10. MY OWN HOME.

(Song Book Page 18.)

1 O, tell me not of ease or fame,
Or all that Mammon's vot'ries claim;
I know their paltry worth;
But let me hear the voice of home,
Whether a palace, hut or dome:
There's naught so dear on earth.

2 Talk not to me of splendid halls—
Of sumptuous feasts, where folly calls
For fashion's ample fee;
But talk of home's most frugal treat,
Where love and pure affection meet
In plain simplicity.

3 Talk not of princely crowns to me,
Or proud imperial dignity,
Replete with slavish care,
But talk of home's unblazoned things,
Where virtue smiles and wisdom sings
Sweet sonnets, rich and fair.

4 Home! charming sound, unknown to fame,
Has more kind feelings in the name
Than all the studied lore
That stoic brains have ever thought,
Or stoic genius ever taught
To all the world before.

5 But yet, the home, the heavenly prize,
Which far beyond this scenery lies,
Is the rich boon I crave;
Though here a stranger I may roam,
My heart is fixed—I have a home,
Secure beyond the grave.

E. R. Snow.

No. 11. OH ZION, DEAR, HOW JOYFUL.

(Song Book Page 19.)

1 Oh Zion, dear, how joyful
The message we declare!
The gospel truths are spreading,
Christ's coming to prepare;
The glorious news is carried
From this our mountain home;
To distant lands and nations
Across the ocean's foam.

CHORUS:

Farewell forever to cruel tyranny,
Farewell forever, in Zion we are free.

2 God's people are expecting,
And look with hopeful eyes,
For Zion soon to triumph,
And in her glory rise;
They realize the blessings
By prophets long foretold,
Declared again unto us
As was in days of old.

3 The wisest men of ages
Are standing at our head,
Prepared to give out blessings
For living and for dead.
Then let us do our duty,
And our religion live,
And all our promised blessings
The Lord to us will give.

I. B. Nash.

No. 12. MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

(Song Book Page 20.)

1 Morn amid the mountains!
Lovely solitude!
Gushing streams and fountains,
Murmur, "God is good!" "God is good!"

2 Now the glad sun breaking
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking
Echo, "God is good!" "God is good!"

3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood—
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good!" "God is good!"

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Thou with soul endued;
He whose smile is o'er us,
God, Oh, God is good! God is good!

No. 13. BEAUTIFUL ZION.

(Song Book Page 21.)

1 Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light.
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, Zion, city of our God.

2 Beautiful Heaven, where all is light:
Beautiful angels clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Savior's feet.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, Zion, city of our God.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conq'rors show;
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there:
Thither I press with eager feet—
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, Zion, city of our God.

No. 14. SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

(Song Book Page 22.)

1 How great the wisdom and the love,
That filled the courts on high,
And sent the Savior from above
To suffer, bleed and die!

2 His precious blood He freely spilt—
His life He freely gave:
A sinless sacrifice for guilt,
A dying world to save.

3 Through strict obed'ence Jesus won
The prize with glory rife:
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done,"
Adorned His mortal life.

4 He mark'd the path and led the way,
And every point defines,
To light and life and endless day,
Where God's full presence shines.

5 In mem'ry of the broken flesh,
We eat the broken bread;
And witness with the cup, afresh,
Our faith in Christ, our head.

E. R. Snow.

No. 15. SABBATH MORNING COMES WITH GLADNESS.

(Song Book Page 23.)

1 Sabbath morning comes with gladness,
Little hearts are filled with joy;
Father's blessings banish sadness,
Pleasures here without alloy.
See, with smiling rosy faces,
Boys and girls clothed in their best,
Hastening on to fill their places,
At their teacher's kind request.

2 O'er the earth the sun is shining,
Truth shines in the Sabbath School;
List the Priesthood clear defining
Precepts like the golden rule.
Let us each be unobserving
Of the others' faults, and strive
Goodness to increase unswerving,
Like the bees within a hive.

3 May our Father's care be o'er us.
Guardian angels ever nigh,
Through life's journey go before us,
Lead us to the courts on high.

Principles our souls inspiring,
That were destined men to save,
Onward progress, never tiring,
In the life beyond the grave.

James Gallaher.

No. 16. BEAUTIFUL DAY.

(Song Book Page 24.)

1 The day-dawn is breaking,
The world is awaking,
The clouds of night's darkness are fleeing away.
The world-wide commotion
From ocean to ocean
Now heralds the time of the beautiful day.

CHORUS:

Beautiful day of peace and rest,
Bright be thy dawn from east to west;
Hail to thine earliest welcome ray,
Beautiful, bright millennial day.

2 In many a temple
The Saints will assemble,
And labor as saviors of dear ones away;

Then happy reunion,
And sweetest communion
We'll have with our friends in the beautiful day.

3 Still let us be doing,
Our lessons reviewing,
Which God has revealed for our walk in His way,
And then, wond'rous story,
The Lord in His glory
Will come in His pow'r in the beautiful day.

4 Then, pure and supernal,
Our friendship eternal,
With Jesus we'll live and His counsels obey;
Until every nation
Will join in salvation,
And worship the Lord of the beautiful day.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 17. COME JOIN OUR CELEBRATION.

(Song Book Page 25.)

1 Come join our celebration with hallowed songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion your sweetest notes employ;
Parents and friends invited, and teachers now are here,
In purpose all united, our youthful hearts to cheer.

CHORUS:

Come join our celebration with hallowed songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion your sweetest notes employ.

2 Thanks to the God of Heaven, kind Guardian of our race,
For all the favors given beneath His smiling face;
For health and strength and reason, and friendship unalloyed,
And every pleasant season in Sunday School enjoyed.

3 Thanks for the kind protection God's arm
has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection He causes to
abound
In those who're watching o'er us with
many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us to peace and
heavenly joy.

4 May God, with many a blessing, reward
their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing His throne
in fervent prayer.
And may His love constraining our youth-
ful spirits bow,
And grace forever reigning, our inmost
souls endow.

No. 18. OH, HOW BLEST WILL BE THAT DAY!

(Song Book Page 27,)

1 Oh, how blest will be that day,
When our griefs will flee away,
And from sin and every sorrow we'll be
free;

When our Lord in light appears,
To reign here a thousand years,
And His Saints will dwell in love and unity!

2 Then the powers of sin will cease,
While naught else but love and peace,
Will be known by every people in the land;
For the Priesthood then shall reign
Through the whole of earth's domain,
And the Saints of God will be led by His hand.

3 Then let all of us prepare,
That such blessings we may share;
Let us keep from every action that is wrong;
Then when we're raised from the tomb,
We'll in heavenly splendor bloom,
And we'll raise our voices with the ransomed throng.

Jas. H. Wallis.

No. 19. WHEN THE ROSY LIGHT OF MORNING.

(Song Book Page 28.)

1 When the rosy light of morning
Softly beams above the hill,
And the birds, sweet heavenly songsters,
Every dell with music fill,
Fresh from slumber we awaken,
Sunshine makes the heart so gay;
Nature breathes her sweetest fragrance
On the holy Sabbath day.

CHORUS:

Then away, haste away,
Come away to the Sunday School;
Then away, do not delay,
Come away to the Sunday School.

2 For a good and glorious purpose
Thus we meet each Sabbath day,
Each one striving for salvation
Through the Lord's appointed way.
Earnest toil will be rewarded,
Zealous hearts need not repine;
God will not withhold His blessings
From the eager, seeking mind.

3 Let us then press boldly onward,
Prove ourselves as soldiers true;
He will lead us, He will guide us,
Come, there's work for all to do.
Never tiring, never doubting,
Boldly struggling to the end,
In the world, though foes assail us,
God will surely be our friend.

R. B. Baird.

No. 20. CLOSING HYMN.

(Song Book Page 29.)

1 Lord we ask Thee ere we part,
Bless the teachings of this day,
Plant them deep in ev'ry heart,
That with us they'll ever stay.

2 In the innocence of youth
We would all Thy laws fulfill;
Lead us in the way of truth,
Give us strength to do Thy will.

3 Father, merciful and kind,
While we labor for the right,
May we in Thy service find
Sweetest pleasure, pure delight.

4 All our follies, Lord, forgive,
Keep us from temptations free;
Help us evermore to live
Lives of holiness to Thee.

George Manwaring.

No. 21. WAITING FOR THE REAPERS.

(Song Book Page 30.)

1 Waiting for the reapers' sickles,
Waves the whitened harvest field;
Harbingers of love and mercy,
Forward go and bind the sheaves.
Go, ye lab'rers, bold with courage,
Reap the golden-headed grain—
Ripened fields all waiting, waiting,
Since the Son of God was slain.

CHORUS:

Seize the torch, seize the torch, and wave it;
Zion's heralds loud proclaim;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! swell the chorus,
Jesus Christ our Lord shall reign.

2 Waiting for the morrow's dawning,
Work ye while 'tis called today,
Lo, the harvest time now coming,
Jesus calls, make no delay.
Gather in the spacious garner
Seed-time harvest ushers in;
Wake the song, millennial glory
Dawns upon a world of sin.

No. 22. PARTING HYMN.

(Song Book Page 32)

1 Sing we now at parting,
One more strain of praise,
To our heavenly Father
Sweetest songs we'll raise.
For His loving kindness,
For His tender care,
Let our songs of gladness
Rend this Sabbath air.

2 Praise Him for His mercy,
Praise Him for His love,
For unnumbered blessings
Praise the Lord above.
Let our happy voices
Still the notes prolong;
One alone is worthy
Of our sweetest song.

3 Jesus our Redeemer,
Now our praises hear,
While we bow before Thee
Lend a listening ear.
Save us Lord from error,
Watch us day by day,
Help us now to serve Thee
In a pleasing way.

George Manwaring.

No. 23. OUR MOUNTAIN HOME SO DEAR.

(Song Book Page 33.)

1 Our mountain home so dear,
Where crystal waters clear
Flow ever free,
While thro' the valleys wide,
The flowers on ev'ry side,
Blooming in stately pride,
Are fair to see.

2 We'll roam the verdant hills,
And by the sparkling rills
Pluck the wild flowers;
The fragrance on the air,
The landscape bright and fair,
And sunshine everywhere,
Make pleasant hours.

3 In sylvan depth and shade,
In forest and in glade,
Where'er we pass,
The hand of God we see,
In leaf, and bud and tree,
Or bird or humming bee,
Or blade of grass.

4 The streamlet, flower and sod
Bespeak the works of God,
And all combine
With most exquisite grace,
His handiwork to trace,
Through nature's smiling face,
In art divine.

E. B. Wells.

No. 24. HOPE OF ISRAEL.

(Song Book Page 34.)

1 Hope of Israel, Zion's army,
Children of the promised day,
See the chieftian signals onward,
And the battle's in array.

CHORUS:

Hope of Israel, rise in might,
With the sword of truth and right;
Sound the war-cry—"Watch and Pray"--
Vanquish ev'ry foe today.

2 See the foe in countless numbers
Marshalled in the ranks of sin;
Hope of Israel on to battle
Now the vict'ry we must win.

3 Strike for Zion, down with error,
Flash the sword above the foe;
Every stroke disarms a foeman,
Every step we conquering go.

4 Soon the battle will be over,
Every foe of truth be down;
Onward, onward, youth of Zion,
Thy reward the victor's crown.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 25. MARCHING HOMEWARD.

(Song Book Page 35.)

1 We're marching on to glory,
We're working for our crown;
We'll make our armor brighter,
And never lay it down.

CHORUS:

We're marching, marching homeward,
To that bright land afar;
We work for life eternal,
It is our guiding star.

2 Then day by day we're marching,
To heaven we are bound;
Each good act brings us nearer
That home where we'll be crowned.

3 Then with the ransom'd children
That throng the starry throne,
We'll praise our Lord and Savior,
His pow'r and mercy own.

No, 26. HARK, LISTEN TO THE TRUMPETERS.

(Song Book Page 36.)

1 Hark! listen to the trumpeters!
They sound for volunteers;
On Zion's bright and flowery mount
Behold the officers.
Their horses white, and armor bright
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their king,
To march to Zion's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame
A soldier brave to be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.

We want no cowards in our bands,
Who will our colors fly;
We call for valiant hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear!
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.
They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb—
His garments stained in His own blood—
King Jesus is his name.

4 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh:
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth and sky.
In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire:
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heavenly choir.

No. 27. HASTE TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

(Song Book Page 37.)

1 Haste to the Sunday School
Come, come, come;
Why will you waiting stand?
Come join our Union band,
Gladly we'll take your hand,
Come, come, come;
Here we have teachers kind,
And we shall surely find
Much to improve the mind,
Come, come, come.

2 Haste to the Sunday School,
Come, come, come;
Here we with one accord
All meet to praise the Lord,
And learn His holy word,
Come, come, come.
Oh, do not hesitate!
Come, ere it be too late,
March on to heaven's gate,
Come, come, come.

3 Haste to the Sunday School,
Come, come, come;
Here we will learn the laws
Of God's most holy cause,
Then do not longer pause
Come, come, come.
Why will you waiting stand?
Come, join our Union band,
Gladly we'll take your hand,
Come, come, come.

W. C. Bickley.

No 28. JOIN THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD.

(Song Book Page 38.)

1 Join with us in sweet accord,
Sing the praises of the Lord;
Praise unto His holy name,
Every heart His love proclaim,
Send the news to ev'ry nation,
Show the way unto salvation,
Give to all this invitation,
Join the children of the Lord.

2 Sound aloud the gospel plan
Through the earth in ev'ry land,
Gather home into the fold
Honest hearts, both young and old.

Give them of that richest treasure,
Joy and peace in boundless measure;
All your duties do with pleasure:—
Join the children of the Lord.

3 Tell the children all abroad
Of the true and living God,
Of His mercies, of His love,
Of His coming from above,
Of His word by revelation,
Of His works in all creation;
Give to all this invitation,
Join the children of the Lord.

F. Christensen.

No. 29. THE BRIGHT NEW YEAR.

(Song Book Page 39.)

1 Verdant spring and rosy summer,
Golden autumn, all are past;
O'er the face of nature frowning,
Lonely winter comes at last;
Yet she brings us many pleasures
Many scenes of festive cheer;
Now with joy our hearts are glowing
While we hail the bright new year.

2 Sliding, skating, laughing, shouting,
Down the rugged hill we go;
Hark! the sleigh bells gaily pealing
O'er the white and downy snow!

Can we think the winter dreary,
When such merry tones we hear?
Now the cup of pleasure sparkles,
While we hail the bright new year.

3 Though the forest shades are silent,
And the birds have flown away,
We can warble sweetest music,
We can sing as light as they.
Happy season, happy greeting,
Friends and kindred far and near,
Take our best and kindest wishes,
While we hail the bright new year.

No. 30. SONG OF THE SEASONS.

(Song Book Page 40.)

1 Merry, merry children, sweetly sing
Of the happy days that the seasons bring:
Each in its robe doth gaily appear,
The hearts of the children to comfort and cheer.

CHORUS:

Merry, merry children, sweetly sing
Of the happy days that the seasons bring.

2 Merry, merry children, gently pray
That the happy times which are passing
away,
Long in your lives may linger and shine,
As gems of bright lustre and radiance di-
vine.

3 Merry, merry children, soon the spring
With her pretty buds and her birds that
sing,
Clad now in bloom, must change her array
And then she will grow into bright sum-
mer day.

4 Merry, merry children, summer's heat
Follows ever after the spring so sweet;
Autumn with sheaves of bright yellow
grain
Doth herald the coming of winter again.

C. W. Stayner.

No. 31. A HAPPY BAND OF CHILDREN.

(Song Book Page 41.)

1 A happy band of children,
All joyous, blithe and free;
With thankful hearts and praises,
O Lord, we come to Thee.

We thank Thee, Lord, for blessings,
So rich beyond compare—
For life, for health and raiment,
And Thy protecting care.

2 But most of all we thank Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace;
That we may have salvation,
And see Thee face to face.
O Lord, do Thou watch o'er us,
And keep us day by day;
And bless Thy church and kingdom,
Thy little servants pray.

A. Parsons.

No. 32. THE SABBATH DAY.

(Song Book Page 42.)

1 Gently raise the sacred strain,
For the Sabbath's come again,
That man may rest,
And return his thanks to God
For His blessings to the blest.

2 Holy day, devoid of strife—
Let us seek eternal life,
That great reward,
And partake the sacrament,
In remembrance of our Lord.

3 Sweetly swells the solemn sound,
While we bring our gifts around—
Of broken hearts,
As a willing sacrifice,
Showing what His grace imparts.

4 Softly sing the joyful lay,
For the Saints to fast and pray,
As God ordains,
For His goodness and His love,
While the Sabbath day remains.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 33. LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE THE SAVIOR.

(Song Book Page 43.)

1 Little children, love the Savior,
Learn to do His holy will;
He is whisp'ring to you ever,
Sacred duties to fulfill.

Jesus said, Love one another,
And forgive each other, too,
Then, as sister, or as brother,
Let us wisdom's course pursue.

2 Meek and humble like the Master,
To the Father we will pray,
That our footsteps may not falter
In the straight and narrow way.
We are learning to be useful,
In life's lessons day by day;
Honest, upright, gentle, truthful,
Treading wisdom's pleasant way.

3 Honor father, honor mother;
These are precepts Jesus taught;
And with kindness to each other,
May our actions all be fraught.
We must seek for heav'nly favor,
In the path our Savior trod;
Bravely wrestle with endeavor,
Holding fast the "iron rod."

E B. Wells.

No. 34. LOVE AT HOME.

(Song Book Page 44.)

1 There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on ev'ry side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses bloom beneath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the world is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
O, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

No. 35. SUPPLICATION HYMN.

(Song Book Page 45.)

1 O, Lord, accept our songs of praise,
For light and truth in latter days.
We meet to do Thy service here,
O, list! regard our humble prayer.

2 We hope, O Lord, that we may prove
The worthy objects of Thy love;
Watch o'er us while we thus incline
Our hearts to learning truths divine.

3 Before we from this meeting go
Do Thou a blessing, Lord, bestow,
Accept our gratitude and praise,
And guide us through our future days.

R. Alldridge.

No. 36. MISSIONARY HYMN.

(Song Book Page 46.)

1 As the sun, arrayed in splendor,
Casts its golden mantle round,
And portrays a world of beauty
Where no darkness can abound,
So the gospel light arising,
With its banner wide unfurled.
Spreads its mantle of salvation
O'er a dark, benighted world.

2 As dark shadows do not linger
Where the cheerful sunbeams play,
So will truth by wisdom guided,
Hold false doctrines all at bay.
Truth is mighty, truth resplendent,
Truth our standard will prevail,
And the brave who bear its emblems,
Love its watchword—" Never fail."

3 They will face earth's mighty monarchs,
Fearing not their hostile cry;
Nobly bear with persecution,
And are not afraid to die;
Bravely meet their giant foeman,
With but shepherd's garb and sling;
These are followers of Jesus,
And His message gladly bring.

4 What a glorious promise given,
Through the prophets unto them;
That the tongue of opposition,
By His pow'r they should condemn;
"And their weapons shall not prosper,"
What a timely word of cheer;
While all plots and vile entrappings,
In due time will disappear!

Go, then, messengers rejoicing,
Preach the gospel with your might,
Now that you're divinely chosen,
And endowed with gems of light;
Go and raise truth's holy banner,
In a far and distant clime,
Where its rays will gleam forever,
With a radiance sublime.

R. E. Moench

No. 37. HEAVENLY TREASURE.

(Song Book Page 47.)

1 Why should we strive for earthly things
That but our cares increase,
'Tis best to seek for that which brings
Eternal joy and peace.

2 A joy that lives beyond the grave,
Where Saints immortal dwell,
A joy that none but God can give,
And none but Saints can tell.

3 The pure in heart alone shall know,
And they alone shall see;
Joys from celestial springs shall flow,
Throughout eternity.

4 And when in that bright world above,
Where joy and peace abide,
We'll sing of that redeeming love,
Of Him who for us died,

John Edwards.

No. 38. IMPROVE THE SHINING MOMENTS.

(Song Book Page 48.)

1 Improve the shining moments,
Don't let them pass you by,
Work while the sun is radiant,
Work for the night draws nigh.
We cannot bid the sunbeams
To lengthen out their stay;
Nor can we ask the shadow
To ever stay away.

2 Time flies on wings of lightning,
We cannot call it back;
It comes, then passes forward
Along its onward track;
And if we are not mindful
The chance will fade away:
For life is quick in passing—
'Tis as a single day.

3 As winter time doth follow
The pleasant summer days,
So may our joys all vanish,
And pass far from our gaze.
Then should we not endeavor
Each day some point to gain,
That we may here be useful,
And ev'ry wrong disdain.

4 Improve each shining moment,
In this you are secure,
For promptness bringeth safety
And blessings rich and pure.
Let prudence guide your actions,
Be honest in your heart,
And God will love and bless you,
And help to you impart.

R. B. Baird.

No. 39. SACRAMENT PRAYER.

(Song Book Page 49.)

1 In remembrances of Thy suffering,
Lord, these emblems we partake,
When Thyself Thou gav'st an offering—
Dying for the sinner's sake.

We've forgiven as Thou biddest
All who've trespassed against us,
Lord forgive as we've forgiven
All Thou see'st amiss in us.

2 Purify our hearts, our Savior,
Let us go not far astray,
That we may be counted worthy
Of Thy Spirit, day by day.
When temptations are before us,
Give us strength to overcome;
Always guard us in our wanderings,
Till we leave our earthly home.

3 When Thou comest in Thy glory
To this earth to rule and reign,
And with faithful ones partakest
Of the bread and wine again,
May we be among the number
Worthy to surround the board,
And partake anew the emblems
Of the sufferings of our Lord.

E. Stephens.

No. 40. ZION IS GROWING.

(Song Book Page 50.)

1 As children of Zion our voices we'll raise
In songs of rejoicing, thanksgiving and praise;
We're happy and free,
As mortals can be,
And Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.
Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

2 In song shall our Father and God be adored,
For He hath in mercy the gospel restored;
And we in our youth,
Can vouch for its truth,
For Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.
Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

3 We hope to prove faithful to God and His laws,
And aid the advancement of Zion's great cause;
For therein is joy,
Which none can destroy;
Thus Zion, Zion, Zion is growing,
Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

4 All praise to our Father, His Priesthood and power,
And thanks for His blessings He on us doth shower:
Whereby we progress,
As onward we press,
While Zion, Zion, Zion is growing,
Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

H. Maiben.

No. 41. LIFE IS FULL OF TOIL AND CARE.

(Song Book Page 51.)

1 Since life is full of toil and care,
And joys are gained through sorrow,
We'll dry the tear, no more despair,
But gladly wait the morrow.

CHORUS:

Then since this life is full of care,
And joys are gained through sorrow,
We'll dry the tear, no more despair,
But gladly wait the morrow.

2 The sky may seem both dark and drear,
The clouds hang thick around us,
But see, the sun breaks forth to clear
The gloom that doth surround us.

3 If o'er each trial we should mourn,
Where would we seek for pleasure?
In every trial are blessings born—
Each sorrow brings a treasure.

J. H. Wallis.

No. 42. THE COMING DAY.

(Song Book Page 52.)

1 Let Saints rejoice, the night is past,
The gospel day has dawned at last;
Soon shall the sun of righteousness
With healing wings the nations bless.

CHORUS:

Hail to the coming morning,
And the future calm and bright!
Hail to the rosy dawning
Of the gospel's glorious light.

2 Let all obey the Lord's command
To spread the truth in ev'ry land,
Till all who dwell in error's night
Shall learn of Him and dwell in light.

3 Redeemed to God each land shall be,
And ev'ry island of the sea,
All nations learn to know the Lord
And live obedient to His word.

4 O speed the years and bring that day
When sorrow shall be done away:
When in the Savior's peaceful reign
Earth shall her long lost Eden gain.

J. H. Ward.

No 43. GIVE US ROOM THAT WE MAY DWELL.

(Song Book Page 53.)

1 Give us room that we may dwell,
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers how they swell—
How they gather like a cloud!

2 O! how bright the morning seems—
Brighter from so dark a night;
Zion is, like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight!

3 Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo, thy light from heaven is come!
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give Thy sons and daughters room.

No. 44. IS THERE ANYTHING THAT WE CAN DO?

(Song Book Page 54.)

1 Hark, the whisp'rings of ten thousand
tongues,
Resounding through the land,
All are ready to step forward
At the sound of God's command.
Is there anything that we can do
To make the kingdom strong?
Is there anything that we can do
To help the work along?

CHORUS:

Dearest Savior, hear Thy children cry;
Teach us how to do our portion
In the great and noble cause;
We are ready to obey Thy words,
And keep Thy holy laws.

2 Is there anything that we can say
To save a soul from sin?
Is there anything that we can do
To bring a stranger in?
We will toil both late and early
To do all the good we can,
For the building up of Zion
In the Lord's own favored land.

3 We are children of the Saints of God,
Who seek to do His will;
We will boldly struggle to the end
And stand for Zion still,
Though the pow'rs of darkness seem to blight
Our prospects now so fair,
We will lean upon the Savior,
Safely guarded by His care.

R. B. Baird.

No. 45. I'LL BE A LITTLE "MORMON."

(Song Book Page 56.)

1 I'll be a little "Mormon,"
And seek to know the ways
That God has taught His people
In these the latter days.
I know that He has blest me
With mercies rich and kind,
And I will strive to serve Him
With all my might and mind.

2 By sacred revelation,
Which He to us has given,
He tells us how to follow
The ancient Saints to heav'n.

Though I am young and little,
I, too, may learn forthwith
To love the precious gospel
Revealed to Joseph Smith.

3 With Jesus for the standard,
A sure and perfect guide,
And Joseph's wise example,
What can I need beside?
I'll strive from every evil
To keep my heart and tongue—
I'll be a little "Mormon,"
And follow Brigham Young.

L. G. Richards.

No. 46. SONG OF THE WORKERS.

(Song Book Page 57.)

1 We are watchers, earnest watchers,
For the coming better day.
By prophets oft foreshadowed
Mid old Israel far away;
Their beacon fires were lighted by
The true, the living flame,
God's Spirit prompted ev'ry one
The future to proclaim.

CHORUS:

We are workers, earnest workers,
And 'tis in a cause we love,
Onward, upward is our movement,
For 'tis led by God above.

2 We are working, bravely working,
That the truth we may declare,
As many bands, yet one in heart,
We try to do and dare;
And heaven hath blessed our efforts—
Here o'er all this favored land
That union is the key-note,
Struck by each unflinching hand.

3 We are looking, calmly looking
For a glorious future near,
For triumph and the victor's wreath,
For each brave worker here.
Our God is ruling over all,
His priesthood points the way,
And Sabbath Schools in union move,
To greet the coming day.

H. W. Naisbitt.

No. 47. THE SACRAMENT.

(Song Book Page 59.)

1 Little ones, the Savior loves you;
For he died that you might live;
Would you feel that He approves you?
Heed the words His servants give.
Come to Sabbath School each Sunday,
Come with wise and pure intent,
And remember 'tis the one day
Saints may take the sacrament.

2 If you've hurt a little brother,
Or to sister been unkind,
Crossed your father or your mother,
Failing their good words to mind—
If you feel yourself offended
Rest not with a wrong content;
All such things should be amended
Ere you take the sacrament.

3 While you eat and drink, 'tis fitness
In your little hearts to pray;
For this token is a witness
That you will the Lord obey;

Pray to Him, and He will hear you
And His Spirit will be lent,
And good angels will be near you
While you take the sacrament.

4 Little children, love the Savior!
For He died that you might live;
Lay aside all rude behavior,
And He will your faults forgive:
Fear no harsh, unkindly sentence,
Mercy sweet from heav'n is sent;
Come with faith and true repentance,
And partake the sacrament.

L. G. Richards.

No, 48. WHEN SHALL WE MEET THEE?

(Song Book Page 60.)

1 When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior above?
When shall we behold Thy face?
When shall we greet Thee with tokens of love,
In that happy, holy place?

When we have finished our mission below,
When on earth we no more roam,
Wilt Thou approve of our work when we go
To our glorious future home?

CHORUS:

When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior above?
When shall we behold Thy face?
When shall we greet Thee with tokens of love,
In that happy, holy place?

2 When shall we meet Thee, our Savior and Lord?
When shall we Thy glory see?
When shall we go to obtain our reward,
And in heaven be crowned with Thee?
When Thou wilt come in Thy glory and might,
Over all the earth to reign,
May we be holy and pure in Thy sight,
And Thy approbation gain.

3 When shall we meet Thee, Redeemer and
Friend?
When shall we in heaven abide?
When shall the just to Thy mansions ascend
Where our God and Thee reside?
When all our labors on earth are complete,
When our mortal life is o'er,
When we have gone where our record we'll
meet,
On that bright eternal shore,

CHORUS:

Then we shall meet Thee, dear Savior above,
Then will we behold Thy face;
Then we shall greet Thee with tokens of
love,
In that happy, holy place.

E. F. Parry.

No. 49. DAY OF REST.

(Song Book Page 62.)

1 Welcome, happy Sunday,
Day of days the best,
Gladly do we hail thee,
Blessed day of rest.

Cheerful voices singing
Joyous, grateful lays,
Angels bear them heav'nward,
Songs of love and praise.

2 Humbly, lowly bending
To the God above,
Prayers of Saints ascending,
Thank Him for His love.
Thank Him for the Sabbath,
Holy day, and blest,
Best of all the seven,
Hallowed day of rest.

Geo. Manwaring.

No. 50. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

(Song Book Page 63.)

1 That the Lord will provide,
Is a promise that's giv'n;
Ye faithful and true,
'Tis a promise to you!
So in meekness confide,
And look upward to heav'n;
The Lord is our Father,
The Lord will provide.

2 How the Lord will provide
From the store-house of heaven,
We know not alway,
Yet to Him will we pray;
For we're never denied,
When in poverty driven,
We ask for our Father,
The Lord will provide.

3 What the Lord will provide
When He aids us from heaven,
Not always we know;
When in poverty low
He oft has supplied,
When we bravely have striven;
In wisdom our Father,
The Lord, will provide.

When the Lord will provide
From His store-house in heaven,
Just when He will aid,
He never has said;
Oft soon He's complied,
And oft waited and proven,
But always our Father,
The Lord, will provide.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 51. THY PEOPLE TRUST IN THEE O LORD.

(Song Book Page 64.)

1 Thy people when oppressed, O Lord,
Still hope and trust in Thee,
For Thou hast pledged Thy faithful word
Their safeguard still to be.
And though the threat'ning clouds may low'r,
And darkness shroud the earth,
They know there is a coming hour—
An endless day of mirth,
Awaiting all the Saints of God
Who bore the persecutor's rod,

2 They then shall see the glorious sun
Again in splendor rise;
They'll be all those who lived and won
The Saints' immortal prize
The meek, the loving and the just,
The righteous and the pure,
Who put in God their only trust
For patience to endure.
These shall enjoy through endless years
Rewards for losses, blood and tears.

John Lyon

No. 52. NAY, SPEAK NO ILL.

(Song Book Page 66.)

1 Nay, speak no ill, a kindly word
Can never leave a sting oehind;
And O, to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan,
For, if but little good is known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

2 Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface:
How can it please the human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No, let us reach a higher mood—
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

3 Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' failings as your own,
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.

For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, O, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

No. 53. SUPPLICATION.

(Song Book Page 67.)

1 Come let us one and all
Join in a sacred strain,
And on our Maker call,
It will not be in vain;
For He will heed our humble prayer,
And grant us grace as free as air.

2 O God of life and light,
Our hearts beat high with joy,
And with most pure delight
Our time we here employ,
Where we can learn each Sabbath day
To walk the straight and narrow way.

3 O Lord may we be wise
In early life, we pray,
And strive to win the prize,
By walking in that way
That leads to immortality,
Where all the ransomed hosts will be.

A. Dalrymple.

No. 54. SOWING.

(Song Book Page 68.)

1 We are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good or ill,
Scattered on the level lowland,
Cast upon the windy hill;
Seeds that sink in rich, brown furrows,
Soft with heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

2 Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears, and love, and prayer.

3 Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
Lifeless on the teeming mold;
Seeds that live, and grow, and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold;

By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife;
In our words, and looks, and actions
Lie the seeds of death and life.

4 Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Leave us not to sow alone!
Bid Thine angels guard the furrows
Where the precious grain is sown;
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with mellow, ripened ears,
Filled with fruit of life eternal
From the seed we sowed in tears

No. 55. A SONG OF GREETING.

(Song Book Page 69)

1 Here with cheerful strains we welcome
Friends we've often met before;
May our friendship ever blossom
As it did in days of yore.

CHORUS:

With a spirit kind and gentle,
Here on earth pursue our way;
Strive at all times to be peaceful,
Noble mindedness display.

2 Luscious fruit and fragrant flowers
Please the taste, delight the eyes;
Music with melodious numbers
Brings to all a glad surprise.

3 Fitting emblems are the flowers,
Youth and beauty they portray;
May we all our choicest powers
Cultivate from day to day.

4 Fond remembrances we'll foster,
Deeds and words of kindness show;
Imitate our Lord and Master
While He sojourned here below.

Wm. Willis.

No. 56. COME FOLLOW ME.

(Song Book Page 70.)

1 "Come, follow me," the Savior said;
Then let us in His footsteps tread,
For thus alone can we be one
With God's own lov'd, begotten Son.

2 Come, follow me, a simple phrase,
Yet truth's sublime, effulgent rays
Are in these simple words combined,
To urge, inspire the human mind.

3 Is it enough alone to know
That we must follow Him below,
While traveling through this vale of tears?
No, this extends to holier spheres.

4 We must the onward path pursue
As wider fields expand to view,
And follow Him unceasingly,
Whate'er our lot or sphere may be.

5 For thrones, dominions, kingdoms, powers
And glory great, and bliss are ours,
If we, throughout eternity,
Obey His words, "Come, follow me."

John Nicholson.

No. 57. ROCK OF MY REFUGE.

(Song Book Page 71.)

1 As swiftly my days go out on the wing,
As onward my bark drifts over the sea,
O Father in heaven, this song will I sing:
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.

Rock of my refuge so sure;
Rock of my refuge so strong;
O hide me therein from danger and sin,
While here I am singing my song.

2 Dark sorrow may come with many a sting;
Stern trials in life my portion may be;
Yet, Father in heaven, this song will I sing:
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.

3 Till angels of light my summons shall bring,
Till upward with joy my spirit shall flee,
O Father in heaven, this song will I sing:
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.

No. 58. THE CHILDREN'S SONG-PRAYER.

(Song Book Page 72.)

1 Kind and Heav'nly Father, from Thy holy dwelling,
See Thy little children singing praise to Thee,
Hear our little voices of Thy goodness telling,
Let our many follies all forgiven be.

CHORUS:

Smile in love upon us; shed Thy Spirit on us;
Tune our youthful voices to Thy praise,
Till the song we're singing, to the heaven ringing,
Mingles with Thy holy angels' lays.

2 Father, we will praise Thee for Thy many blessings,
Which we are receiving from Thy bounteous hand:
For the peaceful vales that we are now possessing,
And the streams of water flowing through the land.

3 Bless the faithful leaders who are placed above us,
As they kindly teach us here to do Thy will;
Bless our friends and parents who so dearly love us,
Help us all our duties rightly to fulfill.

E. Stephens.

No. 59. LET US TREAT EACH OTHER KINDLY.

(Song Book Page 73.)

1 Let us treat each other kindly,
We are friends united here;
Not in ignorance, nor blindly,
But by sacred ties most dear,
Love will own no cold suspicion,
Golden sunshine it imparts,
And its holy, pure ambition
Is to cheer and gladden hearts.

CHORUS:

Let us treat each other kindly,
We are friends united here,
Not in ignorance, nor blindly,
But by sacred ties most dear.

2 Let us truly trust each other,
We are only mortals weak,
Oft in need of friend or brother,
Gen'rously to act or speak.
Pass not silently and coldly,
O'er a wrong we might amend,
But speak earnestly and boldly,
Truth and justice to defend.

3 Charity's fair beacon lifted,
Scatters rays of light for all—
Erring, weak, or good and gifted,
High or lowly, great or small;
Let us also strive completely,
Hasty judgments to withdraw;
Let us trust each other sweetly,
And let love fulfill its law.

L. G. Richards.

No. 60. KIND AND GRACIOUS FATHER.

(Song Book Page 75.)

1 O, Thou kind and gracious Father,
Reigning in the heavens above,
Look on us, Thy humble children,
Fill us with Thy holy love.

2 We have met this Sabbath morning;
Words of life and truth to hear;
Teach us how to ever serve Thee
And Thy holy name revere.

3 Help us to resist temptation,
Help us to refrain from ill,
Help us all to gain salvation,
Help us all to do Thy will.

C. Denney.

No. 61. LAND OF ZION.

(Song Book Page 76.)

1 Before all lands in east or west,
We love the land of Zion best;
With God's choice gifts 'tis teeming.
There Prophets, Seers, as of old,
The mysteries of heaven unfold,
Through holy Priesthood streaming.

2 Before all people, east or west,
We love the Saints of God the best—
A race of noble spirits:
Then let us with God's laws comply,
That when His Saints are raised on high,
Their joys we may inherit.

3 We'll gladly join with heart and hand,
A chosen, true, devoted band,
To conquer Satan's powers:
To endless life we'll onward press,
For God will all our wrongs redress,
And victory shall be ours.

A. Ross.

No. 62. GLADLY MEETING.

(Song Book Page 77.)

1 Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
On this precious meeting day,
Idle thoughts are all forsaken—
Every seat is quietly taken—
Let each heart to God awaken,
While we sing and pray.

2 Gladly meeting kindly greeting,
Let us all unite in heart,
While the throne we're all addressing,
And our evil ways confessing,
Let us seek a heavenly blessing.
E'er we hence depart.

3 Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
As each meeting shall return,
May our minds by study brighten—
May our aspirations heighten,
And may grace our souls enlighten.
While we strive to learn.

No. 63. TRY IT AGAIN.

(Song Book Page 78.)

1 Should the changes of life, like the tide's ebb and flow,
Be ceaseless and varied in form,
And the frail bark of life in a moment forego
Its reck'ning midst the dark storm,
Stand firm to the helm and close furl each sail,
While the tempest sweeps over the main:
There is hope in the wind, though destructive the gale,
'T will calm and we'll try it again, again.

2 There was never a valley but hill-tops appear—
Nor storm that's not spent to a calm;
Nor a pain without pleasure, a hope without fear,
Nor wound but has always a balm!
When clouds of adversity gather around,
And our friends turn their backs in disdain,
Though the world should conspire all our hopes to confound,
Let's up and go try it again, again!

3 All the fears of sad parting, the pangs of regret,
The sighs of fond hope, or dull care,
Are but feelings implanted to make us respect
The death sting of hopeless despair!
The tear drop of sorrow may darken the eye,
Like the sunbeams obscured by the rain,
But the clouds will disperse over hope's gloomy sky,
And cheer up our prospects again, again!

John Lyon.

No. 64. HYMN OF PRAISE.

(Song Book Page 79.)

1 I'll strive while young to tune my voice,
To songs of praise and love,
The theme, of which I'll make a choice,
Shall be my God above.

2 He gives His children here below
A thousand blessings rare,
Each passing day and hour doth show
His loving, tender care.

3 He loves each little, harmless child,
The poor and lowly heart;
And e'en the soul with sin defiled,
Repenting, hath a part.

4 O, Father, good and full of grace,
Tune thou my heart and voice,
That I may ever chant Thy praise,
And in Thy love rejoice.

E. Stephens.

No. 65. COME YE CHILDREN OF THE LORD.

(Song Book Page 80.)

1 Come ye children of the Lord,
Let us sing with one accord;
Let us raise a joyful strain,
To our Lord, who soon will reign
On this earth, when it shall be
Cleansed from all iniquity;
When all men from sin will cease.
And will live in love and peace.

2 Oh! how joyful it will be,
When our Savior we shall see;
When in splendor He'll descend;
Then all wickedness will end.
Oh! what songs we then will sing
To our Savior, Lord and King;
Oh! what love will then bear sway,
When our fears shall flee away.

3 All arrayed in spotless white,
We will dwell 'mid truth and light;
We will sing the songs of praise,
We will shout in joyous lays.

Earth shall then be cleansed from sin;
Every living thing therein
Shall in love and beauty dwell;
Then with joy each heart will swell.

J. H. Wallis.

No. 66. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

(Song Book Page 81.)

1 Ere you left your room this morning,
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ our Savior,
Did you sue for loving favor
As a shield today?

CHORUS:

O, how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day:
So when life gets dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.

2 When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

3 When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was full of sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

No. 67, UTAH, THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

(Song Book Page 82.)

1 The youth of each land for their fatherland stand,
And boast of its grandeur with pride;
Whate'er their estate, their fortunes or fate,
To none is this freedom denied;
Then why should not we, young, happy and free,
Rejoice in the land we love best?
For our Father, so kind, our lot has assigned
In Utah, the Queen of the West.

2 The bold mountains rise, and point to the skies,
Like sentinels round our abode;
And vales calm and sweet, repose at their feet—
Fit home of the people of God.
From those cold, bleak forms, fit dwellings for storms,
Flow crystaline streams God has blest;
Rich harvests have smiled in the desert once wild,
In Utah, the Queen of the west.

3 The poor and oppressed, in this land of the west,
Find plenty, and freedom and joy;
Though the wicked may sneer, to us thou art dear,
And fair as thine own sunny sky.
The gospel's proclaimed, to all here on earth,
The meek and the lowly rejoice;
From Babylon they flee to this land of the free—
To Utah, the land of their choice.

4 Thy sisters, first born, who tauntingly
scorn,
Shall joy to do honor to thee;
With each coming hour thy glory shall
tower,
Till the nations thy beauty shall see,
Thy triumph is nigh, oppression shall die,
For thee there is freedom and rest;
The years as they fleet shall bless our re-
treat
With peace in this land of the west.

J. H. Ward.

No. 68. SWEET IS THE WORK.

(Song Book Page 83.)

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing—
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truths at night.

2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine—
How deep thy councils—how divine!

3 But oh, what triumph shall I raise
To Thy dear name, through endless days,
When in the realms of joy I see
Thy face in full felicity.

4 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired and wished below.
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Watts.

No. 69. WELCOME, WELCOME SABBATH MORNING.

(Song Book Page 84.)

1 Welcome, welcome, Sabbath morning,
Now we rest from ev'ry care;
Welcome, welcome is thy dawning,
Holy Sabbath, day of prayer,
Loving teachers kindly greet us
As we meet in Sunday School,
Where they labor hard to teach us
By the Savior's golden rule.

CHORUS:

Welcome, welcome, Sabbath morning,
Now we rest from ev'ry care;
Welcome, welcome is thy dawning,
Holy Sabbath, day of prayer.

2 Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing—
Hear the echoes all around;
List! the merry children singing!
What a pleasing, joyful sound?
Ev'ry tender note entreats us,
Bids us come, nor longer stay;
On our way the music meets us—
Hasten, hasten, come away.

3 Here we bow in meek devotion,
Here we sing God's holy praise;
Here our hearts, with fond emotion,
Seek to learn His holy ways.
From the books of revelation
We are taught, while yet in youth,
Words of heavenly inspiration
Guide us in the path of truth.

4 Here we meet with friends and neighbors,
Parents, too, are in the throng;
We are earnest in our labors—
To God's kingdom we belong.
Trials make our faith grow stronger,
Truth is nobler than a crown,
We will brave the tempest longer,
Tho' the world upon us frown.

R. B. Baird.

No. 70. ZION PROSPERS! ALL IS WELL.

(Song Book Page 85.)

1 O awake! my slumb'ring minstrel—
Let my harp forget its spell;
Say, O say, in sweetest accents,
Zion prospers! All is well.

2 Strike a chord unknown to sadness,
Strike, and let it's numbers tell,
In celestial tones of gladness,
Zion prospers! All is well.

3 Zion's welfare is my portion,
And I feel my bosom swell
With a warm, divine emotion
When she prospers all is well.

4 Zion, lo! thy day is dawning,
Through the darkness shadows swell;
Faith and hope prelude the morning,
Thou art prosp'ring; all is well.

E. R. Snow.

No. 71. WE WANT TO SEE THE TEMPLE.

(Song Book Page 86.)

1 We want to see the temple,
With towers rising high—
Its spires majestic pointing
Unto the clear blue sky—
A house where saints may gather
And richest blessings gain—
Where Jesus, our Redeemer,
A dwelling may obtain.

2 We want to meet the Savior,
And see Him face to face,
When He shall come in glory
Unto that holy place.
If we are true and faithful,
We'll hear our Savior's voice—
Receive a Father's blessing,
And in His love rejoice.

George Manwaring.

No. 72. PROVIDENCE IS OVER ALL.

(Song Book Page 87.)

1 When dark and drear the skies appear,
And doubt and dread would thee enthrall,
Look up nor fear, the day is near,
And Providence is over all.
From heav'n above, His light and love
God giveth freely when we call;
Our utmost need is oft decreed,
And Providence is over all.

2 With jealous zeal God guards our weal,
And lifts our wayward thoughts above;
When storms assail life's bark so frail,
We seek the haven of His love.
And when our eyes transcend the skies,
His gracious purpose is complete;
No more the night distracts our sight—
The clouds are all beneath our feet.

3 The direst foe that mortals know
Can ne'er the honest heart appall,
Who holds this trust: That God is just,
And Providence is over all.
Should foes increase to mar our peace,
Frustrated all their plans shall fall,
Our utmost need is oft decreed,
And Providence is over all.

E. H. Woodmansee.

No. 73. SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

(Song Book Page 88.)

1 While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember, and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

2 For us the blood of Christ was shed,
For us on Calvary's cross He bled,
And thus dispelled the awful gloom,
That else were this creation's doom.

3 The law was broken, Jesus died
That justice might be satisfied,
That man might not remain the slave
Of death, of hell, or of the grave,

4 But rise triumphant from the tomb,
And in eternal splendor bloom;
Freed from the power of death and pain,
With Christ, the Lord, to rule and reign.

John Nicholson.

No. 74. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(Song Book Page 89.)

1 With wond'ring awe,
The wise men saw
Tha star in heaven springing,
And with delight
In peaceful night.
They heard the angels singing,
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name.

2 By light of star,
They traveled far
To seek the lowly manger;
A humble bed
Wherein was laid
The wondrous little stranger.

3 And still is found,
The world around,
The old and hallowed story;
And still is sung
In every tongue
The angels' song of glory.

4 The heavenly star
Its rays afar
On ev'ry land is throwing,
And shall not cease
Till holy peace
In all the earth is glowing.

No. 75. WHAT PRIZE SHALL BE YOUR REWARD?

(Song Book Page 90.)

1 When called to the throne of your Lord,
And judged from the books of today,
What prize shall then be your reward?
For what do you labor and pray?

Is there in the hopes of your heart,
A hope for the future most dear,
When called from this life to depart
And dwell in a holier sphere?

CHORUS:

There's many a crown will await
The brows of the faithful and true;
Just think, ere you find it too late,
If one is awaiting for you.

2 Improve well the time that is now,
For then all regrets will be vain;
Let honor enwreathe here your brow;
Prepare for the boon you would gain.
An hour is life's journey at best,
The moments are fleeing so fast;
Beware or the Savior's request
Will find you still sleeping at last!

3 Remember the course you pursue
Is surely recorded above,
That every act you may do
Is written "for self," or "for love."

O, then, should the balance be found
"For self" in that day you will see,
Though blessings of mercy abound,
No crown for you then there will be.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 76. LOVING ONE ANOTHER.

(Song Book Page 92.)

1 While passing through this earthly life,
How can we best avoid the strife,
And find the richest treasures?
How can we brush the thorns away,
Yet keep the roses fresh and gay,
With all their sweets and pleasures?

2 By firm resolve of heart and mind
To be obedient and kind
To father and to mother,
By gaining wisdom in our youth,
And clinging always to the truth,
And loving one another.

3 We must not flinch, we must not boast,
But of our chances make the most—
All foolish pride we'll smother;
And truth will triumph in the test.
And we shall prove our way the best
By loving one another.

4 And when we've passed the narrow way
Into the bright, eternal day,
Each sister and each brother
May tell how valiantly we stood,
And gained our place among the good,
By loving one another.

L. G. Richards.

No. 77. COME WITH TUNEFUL VOICES.

(Song Book Page 93.)

1 Come with tuneful voices,
Raise the strains above;
Sing we now Hosanna,
To the Lord of love:

Worship and adore Him,
Praise the holy name
Of our God and Father—
Evermore the same.

CHORUS:

Suffer little children—Let them sweetly sing;
Raise we Hallelujah to the children's King.

2 'Tis our festal morning;
Thanks we render here,
That our Lord hath led us
Through another year;
And our ranks are swelling,
And we surely know
God the Lord will bless us
As we onward go.

3 On we go to conquer;
By the Savior's might;
'Mid the shades of darkness
We would bear the light;
Master, now we thank Thee
That to work so grand
Thou dost call the children
Over all the land.

Margaret Haycraft.

No. 78. WE'LL SING ALL HAIL TO JESUS' NAME.

(Song Book Page 94.)

1 We'll sing all hail to Jesus' name;
Honor and praise we give
To Him who bled on Calvary's hill,
And diéd that we might live.

2 He passed the portals of the grave,
Salvation was His song!
He called upon the sinbound soul
To join the heavenly throng.

3 The bread and wine do represent
His sacrifice for sin;
Ye Saints, partake and testify
Ye do remember Him.

4 The sacrament the soul inspires,
And calms the human breast;
Points to the time when faithful Saints
Shall enter into rest.

R. Alldridge.

No. 79. ALL NATURE INVITES OUR PRAISE TO GOD.

(Song Book Page 95.)

1 The opening buds of springtime
When birds so sweetly sing,
Invite our tuneful voices
To praise the mighty King.
Expanded flowers in summer,
With fruits and fields of grain,
Call for our heart's thanksgiving
In music's joyous strain.

CHORUS:

Life's full of grace and blessings
From out His liberal hand,
Then praise Jehovah ever,
Ye Saints in every land.

2 The autumn's varied colors,
The garnered gifts of heaven,
Proclaim that for His bounty
Our praises should be given.
When winter spreads its mantle
Of snowy crystals rare,
Our gratitude we render,
For His protecting care.

A. P. Welchman.

No. 80. LET THE HOLY SPIRIT GUIDE.

(Song Book Page 96.)

1 Let the Holy Spirit's promptings,
Be your daily, constant, guide;
Let its peaceful, heavenly power
Ever in your heart abide;
It will lead in duty's pathway,
And will never let you stray;
It will keep you from all danger,
And from every evil way.

2 Let the Holy Spirit guard you
In each act and word, and thought;
Never make a single effort
Till the Spirit's aid you've sought.
Cherish it as your companion;
Heed its sweet and still small voice;
Ever listen to its dictates,
Then through life you will rejoice.

3 Do not grieve the Holy Spirit,
Or it will not with you stay,
But that it may dwell within you,
To your Heavenly Father pray.

Ask in faith and He will answer,
And will bless you from above;
He will send His Holy Spirit,
Which will fill your soul with love.

E. F. Parry.

No. 81. SACRAMENTAL.

(Song Book Page 97.)

1 For our devotions, Father, we
Invoke Thy Spirit us to aid;
From worldly tho'ts O, set us free,
To trust the promise Jesus made,
When in my name but two or three
Shall meet, I there will surely be.

2 In Sabbath hours what peace, what rest,
What food, what life dost Thou impart!
One day in seven—of days the best—
This order shows how wise Thou art.
Oh, precious boon, when Saints can meet
As one around the mercy seat!

3 Pass to each one the broken bread.
Give each the cup, a token true;
Disciples by the Priesthood led
In the true gospel, old yet new,
What strength in covenants so renewed,
And with the Spirit's life imbued!

4 And when the word comes clothed in pow'r,
Truth gives its sure unerring sound;
Comes there a more refreshing shower
In all of duty's sacred round!
From benediction Saints retire,
And hearts are warmed by new desire!

H. W. Naisbitt.

No. 82. GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

(Song Book Page 99.)

1 Now to heaven our prayers ascending,
God speed the right
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.

Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right.

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right,
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the great and good in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory,
God speed the right.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right,
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right,
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's good time succeeding,
God speed the right,

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right,
Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
God speed the right,

Truth our cause, what e'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right.

W. G. Hickson.

No. 83. SONG OF PRAISE.

(Song Book Page 100.)

1 Father, Thy children to Thee now raise
Glad, grateful songs for Thy love and grace—
For Thy protecting and watchful care
Over Thy Saints dwelling far and near;
Grateful to Thee for the gospel light,
Which with its truth fills us with delight;
Glad that we've chosen the better part,
Songs of delight fill each grateful heart.

2 Thankful to Thee that a pilgrim band
Brought us to dwell in this favored land;
Led o'er the plains and deserts by Thee,
Here to a land of true liberty.
Thankful to Thee for the mountains high,
The freshening breeze and the clear, blue sky;
And for the fields covered o'er with corn,
Which now our loved mountain vales adorn.

3 Oh may our songs to Thy courts ascend,
Pleasing to Thee may our voices blend;
Lead us as Thou hast the faithful led,
Feed us with knowledge and daily bread:
Let us not stray from the paths of truth—
Forgive the folly and faults of youth,
Father, accept Thou the songs of praise
Which from our hearts unto Thee we raise.

E. Stephens.

No. 84. A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(Song Book Page 101.)

1 To Thee, our heavenly Father,
We'll now our voices raise,
Through whose eternal mercy,
We live in these last days.

2 We'll join to sing Thy praises
For blessings Thou hast given—
The blessings of the gospel,
Which lead from earth to heaven.

3 The Prophet Joseph brought us
Thy truth without alloy;
The principles he taught us
Fill humble hearts with joy.

4 We thank Thee that an angel
To earth the tidings bore,
That Thy eternal Priesthood,
Thou didst again restore.

B. N. K.

No. 85. HARK! THE PRETTY BIRDS ARE SINGING.

(Round for four voices.)

(Song Book Page 102.)

1 Hark! the pretty birds are singing,
On the tree their sweet song
And the merry bells are ringing,
Ding, dong, bell, dong, ding, dong.

No. 86. SONG OF TRIUMPH.

(Song Book Page 102.)

1 Hark! hark to the swell of that rapturous song,
Ascending to heaven from yon mighty throng,
With shouts of hosanna, the children of Zion
Extol their deliv'rer from bondage and woe;
The mountains and hills, towering high to the heavens,
Re-echo the song from the valley below.

2 Give thanks to Jehovah, our strength and
our shield,
The foes of His kingdom will soon have to
yield;
While Zion, with shouts of hosanna, will
praise Him,
And labor with diligence morning and
night,
To build up the kingdom and spread the
glad tidings:
That God will soon reign on the earth in
His might.

E. Stephens.

No. 87, DEVOTIONAL HYMN.

(Song Book Page 105.)

1 Lord, accept our true devotion,
Let Thy Spirit whisper peace;
Swell our hearts with fond emotion,
And our joy in Thee increase.
Never leave us, never leave us,
Help us, Lord, to win the race;

2 Aid us all to do Thy bidding,
And our daily wants supply,
Give Thy Holy Spirit's guiding,
Till we reach the goal on high,
Ever guard us, ever guard us.
Till we gain the victory.

3 May we with the future dawning,
Day by day from sin be free,
That on resurrection morning
We may rise at peace with Thee;
Ever praising, ever praising,
Throughout all eternity.

R. Alldridge.

No. 88. COME, RALLY IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

(Song Book Page 106.)

1 Come rally in the Sunday School,
Where peace and love and order rule;
Where youth and age in union meet—
For innocence a safe retreat.

CHORUS:
Come rally here, Come rally here,
Come rally to the Sunday School;
Come rally here, Come rally here,
Where peace and love and order rule.

2 'Tis here a flood of gospel light
Pours its bright rays upon our sight;
We gladly mingle with the throng
In prayer, and praise, and sacred song.

3 'Tis here we get instruction good,
And learn to act as children should;
We learn to love and speak the truth
And gather knowledge in our youth

Wm. Willis.

No. 89. GUIDE ME TO THEE.

(Song Book Page 107.)

1 Jesus, my Savior true,
Guide me to Thee;
Help me Thy will to do,
Guide me to Thee;
E'en in the darkest night,
As in the morning bright,
Be Thou my beacon-light,
Guide me to Thee.

2 Through this dark world of strife
Guide me to Thee;
Teach me a better life,
Guide me to Thee;
Let Thy redeeming power
Be with me every hour,
Be Thou my safety tower,
Guide me to Thee.

3 When strife and sin arise,
Guide me to Thee;
When tears bedim my eyes,
Guide me to Thee;
When hopes are crushed and dead,
When earthly joys are fled
Thy glory round me shed,
Guide me to Thee.

4 When silent death draws near,
Guide me to Thee;
Calm thou my trembling fear,
Guide me to thee;
Let me Thy mercy prove,
Let Thy enduring love
Guide me to heaven above,
Guide me to Thee.

S.

No. 90. BEFORE YOU MAKE A PROMISE.

Round for four voices.

(Song Book Page 107.)

1 Before you make a promise
Consider well its importance;
And when made,
Engrave it upon your heart.

No. 91. KIND WORDS ARE SWEET TONES OF THE HEART,

(Song Book Page 108.)

1 Let us oft speak kind words to each other,
At home or where'er we may be;
Like the warbling of birds on the heather,
The tones will be welcome and free;
They'll gladden the heart that's repining,
Give courage and hope from above,
And when the dark clouds hide the shining,
Let in the bright sunlight of love.

CHORUS:

O, the kind words we give shall in memory
live,
And sunshine forever impart;
Let us oft speak kind words to each other,
Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.

2 Like the sunbeams of morn on the moun-
tains,
The soul they awake to good cheer;
Like the murmur of cool, pleasant fount-
ains,
They fall in sweet cadences near;
Let's oft, then, in kindly-toned voices,
Our mutual friendship renew,
Till heart meets with heart and rejoices
In friendship that ever is true.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 92. GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

(Song Book Page 110.)

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Chose thee for His own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose!
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!

4 Fading are all worldly treasures,
With their boasted pomp and show;
Heavenly joys and lasting pleasures,
None but Zion's children know.

Newton.

No. 93. ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

(Song Book Page 111.)

1 Beautiful mountains, valleys fair;
Zion, thou art beyond compare!
Beautiful here the Priesthood guides,
Beautiful here the Lord provides.

2 Beautiful Sabbath School I love,
There is instruction from above,
(All thro' the Priesthood channel giv'n,)
How we may fit ourselves for heav'n.

3 Beautiful teachings—source of joy;
Riches that time can ne'er destroy;
Beautiful is the "iron rod,"
Leading us back unto our God.

4 Beautiful are the songs we sing—
Hark, how the children's voices ring!
"Glory to God who reigns on high!"
Echoes around the earth and sky.

Wm. Powell.

No. 94. GOD IS LOVE.

(Song Book Page 112.)

1 Earth with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Heaven's infinite expanse,
Sea's resplendent countenance,
All around and all above,
Bear this record—God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred;
Sacred songs beneath, above
Have one chorus—God is love.

3 All the hopes that sweetly start
From the fountain of the heart,
All the bliss that ever comes
To our earthly human homes,
All the voices from above
Sweetly whisper—God is love.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 95. A PRECIOUS JEWEL.

(Song Book Page 113.)

1 There is a precious jewel,
Of worth and beauty rare;
And one that's not too costly
For ev'ry one to wear.

2 Of all the golden treasures
Which kings and princes boast,
This single lovely jewel
Is worth by far the most.

3 Inward, as well as outward,
This jewel must be hung;
And when the lips are open,
Should ornament the tongue.

4 Its name—can no one guess it—
This prize for age and youth?
I'll tell you; can you speak it?
It is not hard—'tis Truth.

E. R. Snow.

No. 96. JOSEPH SMITH'S FIRST PRAYER.

(Song Book Page 114.)

1 Oh how lovely was the morning!
Radiant beam'd the sun above,
Bees were humming, sweet birds singing,
Music ringing through the grove;
When within the shady woodland,
Joseph sought the God of love.

2 Humbly kneeling, sweet appealing,
'Twas the boy's first uttered prayer;
When the powers of sin assailing
Filled his soul with deep despair;
But undaunted still, he trusted
In his Heavenly Father's care.

3 Suddenly a light descended,
Brighter far than noonday sun,
And a shining glorious pillar
O'er him fell, around him shone,
While appeared two heavenly beings,
God the Father and the Son.

4 "Joseph, this is My Beloved;
Hear him;" Oh how sweet the word!
Joseph's humble prayer was answered,
And he listened to the Lord.
Oh, what rapture filled his bosom,
For he saw the living God.

Geo. Manwaring.

No. 97. THE MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL.

(Song Book Page 115.)

1 Farewell, our friends and brethren,
Here take the parting hand;
We go to preach the gospel
In every foreign land.
Farewell our wives and children,
Who render life so sweet;
Dry up your tears—be faithful
Till we again shall meet.

2 Farewell, ye scenes of childhood,
And fancies of our youth;
We go to combat error
With everlasting truth.
Farewell, all carnal pleasures,
Which guild the scenes of mirth;
Your days are surely numbered
To trouble man on earth.

3 Farewell, farewell our country;
Our home is now abroad,
To labor in the vineyard,
In righteousness for God.
The gallant ships are ready
To bear us o'er the sea,
To gather up the blessed,
That Zion may be free.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 98. LET LOVE ABOUND.

(Song Book Page 117.)

1 In that bright and holy city,
In our mansions far above,
We shall dwell in sweet communion,
For our Ruler, God, is love.
In that city bright and fair,
O, what pleasures we will share!
Love all around.

CHORUS:

O, let love abound here too,
Keep this holy thought in view,
Let love abound.

2 Not by strife with one another
Can we onward, upward move,
But by charity most holy
Do we live this life of love;
Loving all companions here,
Holding all as kindred dear,
Love all around.

3 Hopeful, cheerful, kind and loving.
Smiling often as we meet,
O, what joy will be our portion!
Life with loving acts replete;
This is what the soul desires,
This is what the Lord requires—
Love all around.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 99. THE BEES OF DESERET.

(Song Book Page 118.)

1 We are the bees of Deseret,
The busy, busy, cheerful little bees,
Gath'ring what honey we can get
From all the flowers blooming on the trees.

Trying to fill our little hives
With every good that we can gather round;
Wisdom and truth, eternal lives,
These are the priceless treasures we have found.

CHORUS:

Workers are we, no idlers here
Shall live among our busy happy band;
We gather honey all the year,
And plenty can be found on every hand.

2 Like other bees we love to sing,
Our voices ever sounding sweet and clear,
And all the valleys often ring
With happy cheerful songs we love so dear,
We still will labor with our might,
While yet 'tis day, to gather wisdom strive,
Then when the night comes we'll have light,
Eternal light to shine within our hive.

E. Stephens.

No. 100. WANTED ON THE OTHER SIDE.

(Song Book Page 120.)

1 Oft, when loved ones, called to leave us,
Pass to shining scenes beyond,
Questions, why they thus bereave us,
Plunge us into dark despond.

2 But with words most true and tender
Some one whispers at our side,
"Service he has gone to render,
Wanted on the other side!"

3 Wanted? Yes, to preach salvation!
Visit friends long passed away,
Father, mother, dear relation,
Longer here he could not stay!

4 While we mourn, their welcomes greet him,
Hail to one so nobly born!
With what joy they flock to meet him,
Him for whom we mortals mourn!

5 Cease your sobs! Oh, cease your weeping,
In your Savior now confide,
He is in the Lord's safe keeping;
Wanted on the other side!

C. W. Stayner.

No. 101. THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

(Song Book Page 121.)

1 The Lord is my light—then why should I fear?
By day and by night His presence is near:
He is my salvation from sorrow and sin,
This blessed assurance the Spirit doth bring.

CHORUS:

The Lord is my light,
He is my joy and my song,
By day and by night
He leads, He leads me along.

2 The Lord is my light: though clouds may
arise,
Faith, stronger than sight, looks up thro'
the skies,
Where Jesus forever in glory doth reign—
Then how can I ever in darkness remain?

3 The Lord is my light, the Lord is my
strength,
I know in His might I'll conquer at length;
My weakness in mercy He covers with
power,
And walking by faith I am blest ev'ry
hour.

4 The Lord is my light, my all and in all;
There is in His sight no darkness at all;
He is my Redeemer, my Savior and King—
With saints and with angels His praises
I'll sing.

James Nicholson.

No. 102. THE "MORMON" BOY.

(Song Book Page 122.)

1 Kind friends, as here I stand to sing,
So very queer I feel,
That now I've made my bow,
I fear I don't look quite genteel;
But never mind, for I'm a boy
That's always full of joy—
A rough and ready sort of chap—
An honest "Mormon" boy,

CHORUS:

A "Mormon" boy, a "Mormon" boy,
I am a "Mormon" boy.
I might be envied by a king,
For I am a "Mormon" boy.

2 I'm proud to know that I was born
Among these mountains high,
Where I've been taught to love the truth,
And scorn to tell a lie;
Yet I'll confess that I am wild,
And often do annoy
My dearest friends, but that's a fault
Of many a "Mormon" boy.

3 My father is a "Mormon" true,
And when I am a man,
I want to be like him, and do
Just all the good I can.
My faults I'll try to overcome,
And while I life enjoy,
With pride I'll lift my head and say,
I am a "Mormon" boy.

E. Stephens.

No. 103. COME ALONG.

(Song Book Page 124.)

1 Come along, come along, is the call that will win,
To lead us to virtue, and keep us from sin;
Most men can be led, but few can be driv'n,
In shunning perdition and striving for heav'n.

CHORUS:

Come along, come along, is the call that will win,
In leading to virtue, and keeping from sin.

2 Come to me, come to me, sweetly falls on
the ear.
The word of the Lord, full of comfort and
cheer,
To bind up the broken, the captive set
free
In the good time that's coming, we hope
soon to see.

3 Let us govern by kindness and never by
force.
All cheering and bright like the sun in its
course;
Obedience will spring from each heart
with a bound,
And brotherhood flourish the wide world
around.

Wm. Willis.

No. 104. THE CLASSMATES' SONG.

(Song Book Page 126.)

1 Hark, hark, hark to the classmates' song!
List, list, list to the classmates' song!
Strong in the fight for truth;
Full in the hope of youth,
Now joyous strains we prolong.

Hope on, trust on, strive on, battle on,
Rest not till our work, our work is done:
Look up, look on, press on, march on
Till the fight is nobly won.

CHORUS:

Hold the faith, keep the truth, this our song shall be;
Strong and brave, firm and true, scorn to flinch or flee;
Whoe'er assail, right will prevail;
This our theme, our song shall be.

2 Shout, shout, shout till the echoes ring;
Shout, shout, shout forth the song we sing!
Firm in the ranks we stand,
United heart and hand,
Sweet notes of love and joy we bring.
Strive on for the side of truth alone,
Live on for the cause, the cause we own;
Surely treading, firm advancing,
Till our labor here is done.

H. G. Whitney.

No. 105. ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED.

(Song Book Page 127.)

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee—
Thou shalt triumph in His might.

Kelly.

No. 106. MARCHING HOME.

(Song Book Page 128.)

1 We are all enlisted 'till the conflict is o'er—
Happy are we! Happy are we!
Soldiers in the army, there's a bright crown in store:
We shall win and wear it by and by.
Haste to the battle, quick to the field,
Truth is our helmet, buckler and shield.
Stand by our colors—proudly they wave—
We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.

CHORUS:

We are all enlisted 'till the conflict is o'er—
Happy are we! Happy are we!
Soldiers in the army, there's a bright crown in store:
We shall win and wear it by and by.

2 Hark! the cry of battle sounding loudly and clear—
Come join the ranks! Come join the ranks!
We are waiting now for soldiers—who'll volunteer?
Rally round the standard of the cross.
Hark! 'tis our Captain calls you today;
Lose not a moment, make no delay!
Fight for our Savior, come, come away!
We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.

3 Fighting for a kingdom, and the world is our foe—
Happy are we! Happy are we!
Glad to join the army, we will sing as we go;
We shall gain the victory by and by.
Dangers may gather—why should we fear!
Jesus our leader ever is near.
He will protect us, comfort and cheer:
We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.

W. B. Bradbury.

No. 107. HARK! LISTEN TO THE MUSIC!

(Song Book Page 130.)

1 Hark! listen to the music
Swell from that mighty throng!
'Tis the children of God's kingdom,
Their voices sweet and strong;
Their heavenly notes inspire me,
And fill my soul with praise,
To thank our Heavenly Father
For these the latter days.

2 Rejoice, rejoice dear children,
Great blessings are in store
For all those who live faithful,
And strive to sin no more.
Be kind unto your parents,
Their counsels strict obey;
And follow good examples—
That is the better way.

3 God bless our noble leaders
With health and light and pow'r,
To banish ev'ry evil
And conquer Satan's power.

Come, children, raise your voices
In praise to Zion's King;
And make the hills re-echo
With loud hosannas ring.

E. F. Thomas.

No. 108. ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

(Song Book Page 132.)

1 I have work enough to do
Ere the sun goes down,
For myself and kindred too,
Ere the sun goes down:
Ev'ry idle whisper stilling,
With a purpose firm and willing,
All my daily tasks fulfilling
Ere the sun goes down.

CHORUS;

Ere the sun goes down.
Ere the sun goes down,
I must do my daily duty
Ere the sun goes down.

2 I must speak the loving word
Ere the sun goes down,
I must let my voice be heard
Ere the sun goes down:

Ev'ry cry of pity heeding,
For the injured interceding,
To the light the lost ones leading,
Ere the sun goes down.

3 As I journey on my way
Ere the sun goes down,
God's commands I must obey
Ere the sun goes down;
There are sins that need confessing,
There are wrongs that need redressing,
If I would obtain the blessing,
Ere the sun goes down.

Josephine Pollard.

No. 109. THANKS FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL,

(Song Book Page 133.)

1 Thanks for the Sabbath School, hail to the day
When evil and error are fleeing away;
Thanks for our teachers, who labor with care,
That we the light of the gospel may share.

CHORUS:

Join in the jubilee, mingle in song,
Join in the joy of the Sabbath School throng,
Great be the glory of those who do right,
Who overcome evil, in good take delight.

2 Now in the morning of life let us try
Virtue to cherish, all vice to decry;
Strive with the noble in deeds that exalt;
Battling with energy each childish fault.

3 May we endeavor thro' life's devious way
To watch and be earnest, true wisdom display,
Try to o'ercome each temptation and snare;
Thereby full salvation eternally share.

Wm. Willis.

No. 110. FAR, FAR AWAY ON JUDEA'S PLAINS.

(Song Book Page 135.)

1 Far, far away on Judea's plains,
Shepherds of old heard the joyous strains;
Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth, good will to men!

2 Sweet are these strains of redeeming love,
Message of mercy from heaven above;
Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth, good will to men!

3 Lord, with the angels we too would rejoice,
Help us to sing with the heart and voice;
Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth, good will to men!

4 Hasten the time when from every clime,
Men shall unite in the strains sublime;
Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth, good will to men!

J. McFarlane.

No. 111. WEARY NOT.

(Song Book Page 136.)

1 If the way be full of trial,
Weary not! Weary not!
If it's one of sore denial,
Weary not! Weary not!
If it now be one of weeping,
There will come a joyous greeting,
When the harvest we are reaping—
Weary not! Weary not!

CHORUS:

Do not weary by the way,
Whatever be thy lot;
There awaits a brighter day,
To all, to all who weary not!

2 If the way be one of sorrow,
Weary not! Weary not!
Happier will be the morrow,
Weary not! Weary not!
Here we suffer tribulation;
Here we must endure temptation,
But there'll come a great salvation,
Weary not! Weary not!

3 If misfortune overtake us,
Weary not! Weary not!
Jesus never will forsake us,
Weary not! Weary not!
He will never leave us, never;
From His love there's naught can sever;
Glory to the Lamb forever—
Weary not! Weary not!

W. H. Flaville.

No. 112. WHEN JESUS SHALL COME IN HIS GLORY.

(Song Book Page 137.)

1 When Jesus shall come in His glory,
Along with the angels so bright,
May I have my record before me,
As clear as the beautiful light.

Then quickly I'll be
Translated and free
  To join in the beautiful throng;
And welcome my Lord,
My Savior adored,
  My King whom I've worshiped so long

2 For this is the promise that's given—
  I know that the promise is true:
My Savior will come here from heaven,
  And I His bright coming will view.
The clouds will unfold
In crimson and gold,
  The canopy gorgeous become;
And Saints will arise
To meet in the skies,
  And welcome their King to His home.

3 A heavenly chorus there ringing,
  Shall welcome the Saints as they rise.
And join in the rapturous singing,
  While melody floats o'er the skies.

What greetings will be,
What glory I'll see!
My soul is ecstatic at this:
To know if I seek
To keep myself meek
I'll live and partake of this bliss.

4 O, then, let me live to be worthy
To meet my dear Savior and Lord!
To change from this body so earthy,
To one with divinity stored:
With Him I adore
To dwell evermore,
Where sorrow and sighing's unknown,
And there to behold
The beautiful fold
Of angels and Saints round His throne.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 113. CHILDREN GLADLY JOIN AND SING.

(Song Book Page 139.)

1 Children gladly join and sing
On this holy day,
To our Father, God and King
Heart-felt tribute pay.

Sweetly tune your cheerful lays,
Happy hearts and voices raise,
Gladly to the Savior's praise
All unite today.

2 On this happy day rejoice
In the God above,
Lift to Him a grateful voice
For His wondrous love.
On this day He rose again,
Who had suffered grief and pain,
Who had died that man might gain
Life, eternal life.

3 Shout the tidings far and wide,
Tell from sea to sea,
How for man the Savior died,
Died to set us free.
Sing hosannas to His name,
Praise Him for the gospel plan,
Now redemption's bought for man,
Christ hath set us free.

4 Sing aloud the glad refrain,
Let the chorus swell,
Soon the Lord will come again,
On the earth to dwell.

Praise shall then through earth resound,
Love in every heart abound,
Naught to make afraid be found,
All will then be well.

George Manwaring.

No. 114. GLORY TO THESE LATTER DAYS.

(Song Book Page 140.)

1 Children of the Saints of Zion,
Tune your voices sweet with praise;
'Tis God's goodness we rely on,
In His love we trust always.

CHORUS:

Ever singing hallelujah,
Fill our hearts with love and praise.
Voices ringing hallelujah,
Glory to these latter days.

2 Meek and lowly as our Savior,
Casting off all pride and wrong;
Proving by our good behavior,
To God's children we belong.

3 May God's blessings e'er attend us!
Which they will if we do right;
Pray to Him, His help to send us:
In our darkness, give us light.

G. M. Clarke.

No. 115. SWEET SABBATH SCHOOL.

(Song Book Page 141.)

1 We come, we come, a joyful band,
And now we in Thy presence stand;
Accept our thanks, O Lord, and bless
Our Sabbath School with great success.

CHORUS:

Sweet Sabbath School, its praise we sing;
'Tis here we learn God's holy way,
On this the blessed Sabbath day;
Sweet Sabbath School, sweet Sabbath School.

2 Our teachers bless, O, Lord, we pray,
Who come to teach us day by day;
Their labors strengthen, Lord, and bless
Our Sabbath School with sweet success!

3 The cause is Thine, and it shall rise;
Oh, send sweet showers from the skies,
Our friends assembled here to bless,
And grant our Sabbath School success!

4 And when on earth we cease to be,
Oh, may we live in heaven with Thee—
In that bright land of peace and love,
And there for ever reign above.

J. Parsons.

No. 116. A JUBILEE SONG.

(Song Book Page 143.)

1 With hearts sincere, we now meet here,
Our voices sweetly blending
In strains of love, to God above,
For mercies never ending.

CHORUS:

Holy, holy, holy, great and mighty King
of Zion.
We'll join in song,
Both sweet and strong,
And praise the King of Zion.

2 Our song shall be, this Jubilee,
God bless the youth of Zion;
And haste the day His Priesthood may
Our needed help rely on.

3 Our Sunday Schools, where golden rules
From books of inspiration,
Prepare the youth to preach the truth
To each benighted nation.

4 A nurs'ry may they ever be
For Zion's future teachers,
A noble band at God's command—
A band of earnest preachers.

J. K. Hall.

No. 117. GATHER ROUND THE STANDARD BEARER.

(Song Book Page 145.)

1 O, thou Rock of our salvation,
Jesus, Savior of the world,
In our poor and lowly station
We Thy banner have unfurled.

CHORUS.

Gather round the standard bearer,
Gather round in strength of youth;
Every day the prospect's fairer.
While we're battling for the truth.

2 We a war 'gainst sin are waging,
We're contending for the right,
Every day the battle's raging,
Help us, Lord, to win the fight.

3 Onward, onward, we'll be singing,
As we're marching firm and true,
Each succeeding battle ringing
Earnest of what we can do.

4 When for all that we've contended
When the fight of faith we've won;
When the strife and battle's ended
And our labor here is done.

CHORUS.

Then, O, Rock of our salvation,
Jesus, Savior of the world,
Take us from our lowly station,
Let our flag with Thee be furled.
J. L. Townshend.

No. 118, WE MEET AGAIN.

(Song Book Page 146)

1 We meet again in Sabbath School
On this the Lord's own day,
Where joy and gladness are the rule
And love doth bear its sway;
Where all may join in songs of praise,
To Him who reigns above,
And thankful hearts and voices raise
For His redeeming love.

2 We meet again, yes gladly meet,
To learn the will of God,
For wisdom seeking, that our feet
May walk the narrow road;

O Father, let Thy Spirit dwell
In every willing heart,
That we may love and serve Thee well
And ne'er from Thee depart.

3 O happy day on which we meet
With friends and teachers dear,
And in this ever sweet retreat
Their blessed teachings hear.
With precious truths our minds are stored,
The Gospel plan made plain.
Each Sabbath day, with one accord,
Oh, let us meet again.

Geo. Manwaring.

No. 119. A SUNDAY SCHOOL CALL.

(Song Book Page 147.)

1 O, come on each bright Sabbath morning,
And meet in our loved, happy school,
Where wisdom and truth we are learning,
By aid of our teachers' kind rule.

CHORUS:

Come, come, come,
Where wisdom and truth we are learning;
O, come to our Sunday School.

2 O, come when the morn's brightly glowing,
With faces and hearts free from care,
And with minds intent upon growing
In the might of the truths taught us here.

3 With hearts full of faith, our great Father
Will guide us to live to His praise,
To follow our blessed Redeemer
And live to His glory always.

J. M. Chamberlain.

No. 120. JESUS, MIGHTY KING OF ZION!

(Song Book Page 148.)

1 Jesus, mighty King of Zion,
Thou alone our guide shalt be:
Thy commission we rely on;
We will follow none but Thee.

2 As an emblem of Thy passion,
And Thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know Thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

Fellows.

No. 121. NEVER FROM THEE!

(Song Book Page 149.)

1 God of our fathers, we come unto Thee;
Children of those whom Thy truth has made free;
Grant us the joy of Thy presence today,
Never from Thee let us stray!

CHORUS:

Never! Never!
Never from Thee let us stray,
Ever! Ever!
Ever to Thee will we pray!

2 Grateful for all that Thy bounty imparts,
Praises we offer with voices and hearts;
Life of our being and Sun of our day,
Never from Thee let us stray!

3 Blest with the gifts of the gospel of peace,
Dwelling in Zion whose light shall increase,
Led by the Priesthood along the bright way,
Never from Thee should we stray!

4 Strengthened by Thee for the conflict with sin,
Onward we'll press till life's battle we win;
Then in Thy glory forever we'll stay—
Never from Thee should we stray!

C. W. Penrose.

No. 122. SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

(Song Book Page 150.)

1 'Tis sweet to sing the matchless love
Of Him who left His home above
And came to earth—O, wondrous plan—
To suffer, bleed and die for man!

CHORUS:

'Twas Jesus died on Calvary,
That all thro' Him might ransomed be,
Then sing hosannas to His name:
Let Heaven and earth His love proclaim.

2 'Tis good to meet each Sabbath day,
And in His own appointed way
Partake the emblems of His death,
And thus renew our love and faith.

3 Oh, happy hour! communion sweet!
When children, friends, and teachers meet,
And in remembrance of His grace,
Unite in sweetest song of praise.

Geo. Manwaring.

No. 123. GOD WILL BLESS THE PURE IN HEART.

(Song Book Page 151.)

1 Dearest children, God is near you,
Watching o'er you day and night,
And delights to own and bless you,
If you strive to do what's right.
He will bless you,
If you put your trust in Him.

2 Dearest children, holy angels
Watch your actions night and day;
And they keep a faithful record
Of the good and bad you say.
Cherish virtue!
God will bless the pure in heart.

3 Children, God delights to teach you,
By His Holy Spirit's voice;
Quickly heed its holy promptings,
Day by day you'll then rejoice.
O, prove faithful
o your God and Zion's cause!

C. L. Walker.

No. 124. A CALL AND ANSWER.

(Song Book Page 152.)

1 Come dear schoolmates, let us rally
Round the educator's stand,
Where true wisdom's ever sounding,
And with truth goes hand in hand.
Let us seek for all true knowledge,
And from ignorance get free,
And, with joyous, gladsome voices,
Hail the dawn of victory.

2 Education throws her portals
Open widely to us all,
Shall we gather round her standard?
Shall we answer to her call?
Shall we longer waste the moments
That to us are kindly giv'n?
Shall we, by the pow'r of error,
Into darkest night be driv'n?

3 Hark! I hear an eager answer:
"Yes, dear friends we'll join with you,
We will aid you in the battle,
Struggle manfully and true.

Darkness, ignorance shall vanish,
Light and knowledge take their place;
And improvement be our motto
We'll advance with rapid pace."

4 Then we'll clasp our hands in friendship,
And a mighty phalanx stand;
Be impregnable to arrows
Hurled by superstition's hand.
Now the field has opened widely,
There is room enough for all;
Rally, then, and join our army;
Answer education's call!

R. S. Horne.

No. 125. 'TIS SWEET TO MINGLE VOICES.

(Song Book Page 153.)

1 'Tis sweet to mingle voices
Where God's Spirit prompts the strain;
When each glad heart can say Amen,
Our worship's not in vain.

2 Then let us now, with one accord,
Unite in sacred song,
To call by faith upon the Lord,
That He our joys prolong.

3 Yea, may His Spirit deign to meet
And prompt each action here,
That we may all each other greet,
And His great name revere.

A. Dalrymple.

No. 126. TODAY.

(Song Book Page 154.)

1 Today while the sun shines, work with a will,
Today all your duties with patience fulfill;
Today while the birds sing, harbor no care,
Call life a good gift, call the world fair.

CHORUS:

Today, today work with a will.
Today, today your duties fulfill;
Today, today work while you may,
There is no tomorrow, but only today.

2 Today seek the treasure, better than gold,
The peace and the joy that are found in the fold;
Today seek the gems that shine in the heart;
While here we labor choose the good part.

3 Today seek for goodness, virtue and truth,
As the crown of your life and the grace of your youth;
Today while the heart beats, live to be true,
Constant and faithful all the day through.

No. 127. LET US ALL BE GOOD AND KIND.

(Song Book Page 155.)

1 Let us all be good and kind,
Honest and true;
And the path of duty mind
And keep in view;

Never heed the world's foul sin,
Never take a part therein;
Seek eternal lives to win,
This we should do.

2 Let us seek unto the Lord
Without delay;
Seek Him now with one accord,
While yet we may;
Seek to learn His holy will,
All our duties to fulfill,
Never yield a point until
We gain the day.

3 If our days are spent on earth
Unto the Lord,
God will surely bring us forth
To our reward;
In the mansions fair above,
In a land of light and love,
Where all things in order move,
For us prepared.

John Edwards.

No. 128. SING AND PRAY.

(Song Book Page 156.)

1 Children, haste to Sunday School
Every Sabbath day,
Be in time—a happy rule—
There to sing and pray;
Cheerful voices gladly raise,
Sweetly sing your Maker's praise;
Angels love your joyous lays,
Love to hear you sing.

2 Lift the heart and lift the voice
To the Lord today,
Heavenly hosts above rejoice
When we sing and pray.
Join in praise and join in prayer,
Humbly to the Lord draw near;
Oh! 'tis sweet, indeed, to hear
Children sing and pray.

3 In the Sabbath School rejoice,
Ne'er from duty stray,
Let your early, only choice
Be the narrow way;
From its pathway never rove,
Seek for wisdom from above;
Unto Him whose name is love
Ever sing and pray.

George Manwaring.

No. 129. O, COME TO THE JUBILEE.

(Song Book Page 157.)

1 We once more meet on this glad day,
Our songs of praise to sing,
That we have found the better way
To serve our God and King.

CHORUS:

Oh! come to the Jubilee,
Oh! come to the Jubilee,
For this it is our hearts rejoice
On this our Jubilee.

2 Now let us all with one accord
Unite in songs of praise,
To thank the Lord for His glad word
In these the latter days.

3 With parents, teachers, we rejoice
To learn the ways of love,
That we can sing with heart and voice,
And praise our God above.

C. J. Thomas.

No. 130. NEVER BE LATE.

(Song Book Page 158.)

1 Never be late to the Sunday School class,
Come with your bright sunny faces;
Cheering your teachers and pleasing your God—
Always be found in your places.

CHORUS:

Never be late, never be late;
Children remember the warning:
Try to be there, always be there,
Promptly at ten in the morning.

2 Ready to mingle your voices in praise,
Singing with joyful emotion;
Ready to join in the prayer that is breathed,
Bowing in humble devotion.

3 Always be ready and willing to learn,
Making your duty a pleasure,
Trying to follow the Savior's command;
Then He will give you a treasure.

4 If you are faithful in all that you do,
Ever your Savior confessing,
Then will the Sabbath glide cheerfully by,
Crowning the week with its blessing.

No. 131. A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(Song Book Page 159.)

1 Come, children, let us join and sing
Sweet praises to our Heavenly King,
And thank Him for our glorious birth,
Midst light and truth upon the earth.

2 We live amid the realms of day,
When gospel light has spread its ray,
And truth divine, down from above,
Has come to fill the earth with love.

3 How great should be our joy and love
To Him who's spoken from above,
And blest us with the light of truth
To guide us through the path of youth!

4 O may we ever worthy prove
To share His goodness and His love,
And still from sin and ill be free
Through time and all eternity.

R. Alldridge.

No. 132. ONE MORE YEAR HAS GONE.

(Song Book Page 160.)

1 One more year has gone!
Joyful marching on,
We this height have won;
Resting here,
Back a look we cast,
O'er the journey past,
Then we'll view at last,
The coming year.

CHORUS:

Teachers, scholars, rally round our banner,
See its motto shining fair and clear;
Onward! Upward! children sing hosanna!
God will lead us through another year.

2 Glad we here have come,
Oh, sweet Sabbath home,
None from thee would roam,
Blessed place!
Here our feet have turned,
Here our hearts have burned,
Here our souls have learned
The works of grace.

3 Forward marching, we
Our bright way would see,
Upward Lord, to Thee,
Climbing still.
Be our Guide, we pray—
Every Sabbath day
Teach us, Lord, the way
And Thy dear will.

4 Father, hear our call,
Let Thy blessing fall
On Thy children all,
Drawing near.
May sweet showers of love
They dear presence prove,
While we onward move
Another year.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

No. 133. LITTLE LISPERS.

(Song Book Page 161.)

1 What can little bodies do,
  Like us little lispers,
Full of life, and mischief too,
  And prone to noisy whispers?

2 Oh, we here can come to school,
  And, with merry voices,
Sing about the golden rule,
  Till ev'ry heart rejoices.

3 Jesus gave the golden rule;
  May be you don't know it,
But 'tis known to all our school,
  And do not overthrow it.

4 Unto others always do
  As you would have others
Do again in turn to you,
  As sisters and as brothers.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 134. BREAK NOT THE SABBATH DAY.

(Song Book Page 162.)

1 With merry, tuneful voices, sweet praises
let us sing,
Until each heart rejoices and echoes loudly
ring;
Let all unite with willing hearts and join
the cheerful lay,
To praise Him who bequeathed to us the
holy Sabbath day.

CHORUS:

Then, children, haste to Sunday School,
Nor tarry on the way;
Remember well this golden rule:
Break not the Sabbath day.

2 When Sabbath morning dawneth, in gol-
den rays of light,
All nature's beauty seemeth to sparkle
then more bright;
How pleasing 'tis to gather here with
hearts so light and gay,
And learn of God's own holy laws, on this
the Sabbath day!

3 Each scholar should remember, strict order to maintain,
And let his aim be ever, his teacher's love to gain;
Oh let us seek the truth to find, nor ever go astray;
But always be at Sunday School on this the Sabbath day.

R. B. Baird.

No. 135. COME, DEAR CHILDREN, JOIN AND SING.

(Song Book Page 163.)

1 Come, dear children, join and sing
Praises to our Heavenly King
For His care and tender love
And all blessings from above.

CHORUS:

Come, come, come,
Come, dear children, join and sing
Praises to our Heavenly King.

2 Let praise then our tongues employ,
For all the blessings we enjoy;
For the gospel's holy light,
Shining for us, pure and bright.

3 May we, in our youthful days,
Ever walk in wisdom's ways;
Then we'll gain a glorious crown,
When on earth our work is done

Annie Smith.

No. 136. SONGS OF THE HEART.

(Song Book Page 164.)

1 O, what songs of the heart
We shall sing all the day,
When again we assemble at home;
When we meet ne'er to part,
With the blest o'er the way,
There no more from our loved ones to roam!
When we meet ne'er to part,
O, what songs of the heart
We shall sing in our beautiful home.

2 Though our rapture and bliss
There's no song can express;
We will shout, we will sing o'er and o'er,
As we greet with a kiss,
And with joy we caress
All our loved ones that passed on before.

As we greet with a kiss,
In our rapture and bliss,
All our loved ones that pass'd on before.

3 O, the visions we'll see
In that home of the blest,
There's no words, there's no thoughts can impart;
But our rapture will be
All the soul can attest
In the heavenly songs of the heart.
But our rapture will be
In the visions we'll see
Best expressed in the songs of the heart.

4 O, what songs we'll employ!
O, what welcomes we'll hear!
While our transports of love are complete;
As the heart swells with joy
In embraces most dear,
When our heavenly Parents we meet.
As the heart swells with joy,
O, what songs we'll employ,
When our heavenly Parents we meet!

J. L. Townshend.

No. 137. CHILDREN'S SONG.

(Song Book Page 165.)

1 Blest are the children who delight
In truth, and peace and love;
Who never quarrel, scold nor fight,
But ever try and do what's right—
Are harmless as the dove.

2 Blest are the children who obey
God's pure and holy laws;
Who pray to Him by night and day,
And never any bad words say,
But love His sacred cause.

3 Blest are the children who obey
Their parent's every word;
Who ne'er in evil habits stray,
To counsel strict attention pay—
Love Jesus Christ our Lord.

4 Blest are the children who are found
Attending Sunday Schools—
Who never miss the whole year round,
Who love the gospel's glorious sound,
And follow all its rules.

5 Blest are the children who are wise,
And ne'er impatience show;
Who rudeness, meanness, do despise,
Who hate deceit and frown on lies,
To anger ever slow.

Wm. Willis.

No. 138. THE PRIMARY MARCH.

(Song Book Page 166.)

1 Tradition and error in battle array;
The children of Zion prepare for the fray,
Jehovah's their strength and their buckler and shield;
They're onward to conquer or die on the field.

CHORUS:

Join in the song, come and join in the song,
Up with the standard and boldly march on;
Then upward and onward, with banners unfurl'd,
For truth yet shall triumph and conquer

2 Then let us press onward; hold fast to the end,
While battling for truth we have God for our friend;
The triumph of truth is the theme of our song,
As onward and upward we're marching along.

3 From the east to the west shall God's kingdom extend,
Meet in every land a true brother and friend;
Then Satan his power will no more retain,
When Jesus in triumph on earth comes to reign.

4 The sea shall roll back to its place in the north,
The ten tribes of Israel with joy will come forth;
Then God will restore Enoch's city of old,
And Abraham's children shall meet in one fold.

Wm. Powell.

No. 139. THE CAUSE OF TRUTH.

(Song Book Page 167.)

1 Let us all press on in the work of the Lord,
That when life is o'er we may gain a reward,
In the fight for right let us wield a sword,
The mighty sword of truth.

CHORUS:

Fear not, though the enemy deride,
Courage, for the Lord is on our side;
We will heed not what the wicked may say,
But the Lord alone we will obey.

2 We will not retreat though our numbers be few
When compared with the opposite host in view;
But an unseen power will aid me and you
In the glorious cause of truth.

3 If we do what's right we have no need
to fear,
For the Lord, our Helper, will ever be
near;
In the days of trial His Saints He will
cheer,
And prosper the cause of truth.

E. Stephens.

No. 140. SUNDAY SCHOOL OPENING HYMN.

(Song Book Page 169.)

1 With hearts prepared, with one accord,
Our eyes with rev'rence close,
In prayer we come before the Lord,
From whom each blessing flows;
We here can learn the wondrous love
His mercy ever shows.

2 Our youthful days should all be spent
In living to His praise;
Then let us all, with one consent,
Our hallelujahs raise;
And may we learn His holy will,
And walk in wisdom's ways.

3 In all we think, or do, or say,
May purity prevail;
We'll walk the straight and narrow way,
Whatever may assail;
And this our fervent prayer shall be:
O, may our faith ne'er fail.

Wm. Willis.

No. 141. THE IRON ROD.

(Song Book Page 170.)

1 To Nephi, seer of olden time,
A vision came from God,
Where, in the holy word sublime,
Was shown an iron rod.

CHORUS:

Hold to the rod, the iron rod,
'Tis strong and bright and true;
The iron rod is the word of God,
'Twill safely guide us through.

2 While on our journey here below,
Beneath temptation's power,
Through mists of darkness we must go,
In peril every hour.

3 And when temptation's power is nigh,
Our pathway clouded o'er,
Upon the rod we can rely,
And heaven's aid implore.

4 And, hand o'er hand, the rod along,
Through each succeeding day,
With earnest prayer and hopeful song,
We'll still pursue our way.

5 Afar we see the golden rest
To which the rod will guide
Where, with the angels, bright and blest,
Forever we'll abide.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 142. WELCOME TO OUR UNION MEETING.

(Song Book Page 171.)

1 Welcome to our Union meeting,
Zion's teachers—guides of youth;
Raise aloud the joyful greeting,
Hail to all who love the truth.
Love and kindness all possessing,
This shall be an hour of blessing.

2 Oh, how glorious is our mission,
To direct the youthful mind!
In this great and high ambition,
Sweetest blessings do we find.
In this noble cause progressing,
God will add to us His blessing.

3 Parents, teachers, here we gather,
Seeking wisdom from on high,
Trusting in our Heavenly Father
Who will grant us rich supply,
And His Spirit all possessing,
'Tis an hour of sweetest blessing.

4 Welcome then to join our Union,
All who love to serve the Lord;
Welcome to the sweet communion,
That our meeting doth afford.
Love and kindness all possessing,
We'll secure a Father's blessing.

G. M.

No. 143. BEAUTIFUL DAY OF REST.

(Song Book Page 172.)

1 Sweet Sabbath day, all hail to thee,
Beautiful day of rest!
That sets us from all labor free,
Beautiful day of rest!

With joy we hail thy welcome ray,
With grateful hearts our homage pay
To Him who gave this holy day,
  This beautiful day of rest.

2 This best of days to man is given,
  Beautiful day of rest!
To draw our minds to God and heaven,
  Beautiful day of rest!
And humbly now we bend the knee,
With rev'rence. Lord, ascribe to thee,
Our thanks for all thy mercies free,
  This beautiful day of rest.

3 Sweet Sabbath day, thy name we love,
  Beautiful day of rest!
Let angels hear the strain above,
  Beautiful day of rest!
'Tis God's command, let all obey,
To hallow this, the Sabbath day,
And spend in His appointed way
  The beautiful day of rest.

Geo. Manwaring.

No. 144. THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

(Song Book Page 173.)

1 There is beauty in the forest,
When the trees are green and fair;
There is beauty in the meadow
Where the wild flowers scent the air;
There is beauty in the sunlight
And a soft, blue beam above;
O, the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love.

2 There is beauty In the fountain,
Singing gaily at its play,
While the rainbow hues are glitt'ring
On its silver shining spray;
There is beauty in the streamlet,
Murm'ring softly thro' the grove;
O, the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love.

3 There is beauty in the brightness
Beaming from a loving eye;
In the warm blush of affection,
In the tear of sympathy;

In the sweet, low voice whose accents
The Spirit's gladness prove;
O, the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love.

Mrs. M. W. Hackelton.

No. 145. THE GUSHING RILL.

(Song Book Page 175.)

1 O, if for me the cup you fill,
Then fill it from the gushing rill,
With water, water sparkling bright,
As clear as truth and free as light.

CHORUS:

O, if for me the cup you fill,
Then fill it from the gushing rill.

2 Pass not to me the mantling brim,
Where dancing bubbles gaily swim,
For in each ruby crystal round,
The deadly lurking fiend is found.

3 Speak not to me of rosy wine,
Of nectar cups, or draughts divine;
The taste of bitter tears is there;
The tears of grief and dark despair.

No. 146. THE SONGS OF ZION.

(Song Book Page 176.)

1 O, how we love to sing the songs
Of Zion's blest abode!
They cause our hearts to burn with joy,
And help us on the road.
There's comfort in their cheering words,
That warms the strangest heart;
No other songs we hear today
Can such delight impart.

2 With wild delight we'll strike each chord
In ecstacy of joy;
The love and faith which fill our hearts
Are pure without alloy;
And when the Lord shall come again,
The children of His love
Shall join in songs of lasting praise,
To greet Him from above.

3 We'll sing the songs we love so well,
In honor to His name;
Our voices and our tongues shall speak
The glory of His fame;
The mountains and the hills shall join
With echoes loud and clear;
We'll sing and shout forevermore.
The songs of Zion dear.

R. B. Baird.

No. 147. GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.

(Song Book Page 177.)

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feelings,
Send earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
Go when the morning shineth,
Go at the close of day,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Pray then for all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
God's blessings humbly claim,
And join with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.
Pray then to God sincerely,
Pray for His holy light,
Rich blessings He will grant thee
If only asked aright.

No. 148, OUR JUBILEE.

(Song Book Page 178.)

1 Accept the tribute of our hearts,
O Lord, in praise to Thee,
Fill'd with the joy Thy grace imparts,
On this our Jubilee.

2 We ask Thee, Father, now to bless
Our friends, who kindly strive
To teach the way of happiness,
The gospel truth to live.

3 That in that glorious Jubilee,
When Christ our King shall reign;
We all may meet Him gloriously,
And sing in nobler strain.

E. H. Goddard.

No. 149. WITH SONGS WE HAIL THAT STAR-LIT NIGHT.

(Song Book Page 179.)

1 With songs we hail that star-lit night,
Immortalized to fame,
On which an angel crowned with light,
To shepherds did proclaim
Glad tidings of great joy to earth,
While from above the throng,
To celebrate the Savior's birth,
Joined in a heavenly song.

2 Their shouts of "Glory be to God"
Were wafted through the sky,
And "Peace on earth, good will to man"
Resounded from on high;

While o'er the place the child was born
There beamed a guiding star,
To lead devoted worshipers
To Him from lands afar.

3 While o'er the plains of Bethlehem
Was seen that glorious band,
In Zarahemla's city fair,
On this great "Promised Land,"
Signs of the Savior's birth appeared—
The same bright star here shone,
That night the heavens shed forth great light,
And darkness all had flown.

4 And now we wait for that blest day
When Christ shall come again,
With angels, too, in bright array,
In peace on earth to reign;
Not as the babe of Bethlehem—
A child of lowly birth—
But King of Kings and Lord of Lords,
The Prince of Heaven and Earth.

E. F. Parry.

No. 150. ISLAND OF DREAMS.

(Song Book Page 180.)

1 Oh, I had such a pretty dream, mamma,
Such pleasant and beautiful things;
Of a dear little nest in the meadows of rest,
Where the birdie her lullaby sings.

2 A dear little stream full of lillies
Crept over the green mossy stones,
And just where I lay, its thin sparkling spray,
Sang sweetly in delicate tones.

3 And as it flowed on toward the ocean,
Through shadows and pretty sunbeams,
Each note grew more deep and I soon fell asleep,
And I was off to the Island of Dreams,

4 I saw there a beautiful angel,
With crown all bespangled with dew;
She touched me and spoke, and I quickly awoke;
And found there, dear mamma, 'twas you.

No. 151. OUR HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS.

(Song Book Page 181.)

1 Proud? Yes, of our home in the mountains,
Where the prophets of Israel reside,
And faithful ones quaff from the fountains,
Where wisdom and virtue abide.
The Lord is now pouring a blessing—
Is blessing the living and dead,
And thousands are now gladly drinking
At streams from the great fountain head.

CHORUS.

Proud? Yes, of our home in the mountains,
Where prophets of Israel reside,
And faithful ones quaff from the fountains,
Where wisdom and virtue abide.

2 The Saints are inviting the nations
Unto chambers prepared of our God;
To join in the plan of redemption,
Far away from the scourge and the rod.
Already the black horse is prancing,
Denoting that death is at hand;
Destruction is surely advancing,
To conquest in every land.

3 God's Zion is rich, and her blessing
The wide world will forever excel,
E'en now, see her people possessing,
More than poets or prophets could tell
Like pillars of heaven her mountains,
Adorned with perpetual snow,
Their joy to replenish earth's fountains,
And fertilize valleys below.

J. S. Lewis.

No. 152. HOME, SWEET HOME.

(Song Book Page 183.)

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam.
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that come at my call:
Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 153. AMERICA.

(Song Book Page 184.)

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathes partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

No. 154. THE WORLD'S JUBILEE.

(Song Book Page 194.)

1 The tide of time is ebbing low,
The wheels of change roll fast;
Hark! the heralds of salvation blow,
The gospel trump's loud blast,
Our God, the source of life and love,
To earth His care extends—
Reveals the law, the hosts above
In holy union blends.

CHORUS:

Awake, awake! let the nations hear
Jehovah's firm decree,
To abolish sin and usher in
The world's great Jubilee.

2 Immortal garlands crown the day
On which brave men of God
Who pioneered the desert way—
In Salt Lake Valley trod.
From here the "little stone" will roll,
"The kingdom" spread abroad,
Till peace shall reign from pole to pole,
And all acknowledge God.

3 The "iron horse" and "lightning wires,"
Their mutual powers combine,
And man's vile wrath, o'erruled, conspires
To aid the great design.
O'er mountain tops, swell high the strain—
To ev'ry land proclaim,
The voice of God is heard again;
Shout glory to His name.

E. R. Snow.

No. 155. DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

(Song Book Page 196.)

1 Don't kill the little birds,
That sing on bush and tree,
All thro' the summer days,
Their sweetest melody.
Don't shoot the little birds!
The earth is God's estate,
And He provideth food
For small as well as great.

2 Don't kill the little birds,
Their plumage wings the air,
Their trill at early morn
Makes music ev'rywhere.
What though the cherries fall
Half eaten from the stem?
And berries disappear,
In garden, field and glen?

3 Still like the widow's cruse,
There's always plenty left;
How sad a world were this,
Of little birds bereft,
Think of the good they do
In all the orchards round;
No hurtful insects thrive
Where robins most abound.

4 Don't kill the little birds,
That sing on bush and tree,
All thro' the summer days,
Their sweetest melody,
In this great world of ours,
If we can trust His Word,
There's food enough for all—
Don't kill a single bird.

No. 156. FORBID THEM NOT.

(Song Book Page 197.)

1 When many to the Savior's feet
Their little children brought,
And from His holy heart and lips
A Savior's blessing sought;
To some who with mistaken zeal,
The mother's prayers forbade,
"Let little children come to me,"
The blessed Savior said.

2 "Forbid them not, and never chide
Their wish to see my face,
For little children such as these
My Father's kingdom grace."
Then gathered in His loving arms,
And folded to His breast,
He poured a blessing all divine
On ev'ry little guest.

3 Dear children, Jesus is the same,
Though now enthroned above,
He waits to bless you as of old
With His forgiving love.
He sees with joy each weak attempt
His favor to obtain,
And those who early seek His face
Shall never seek in vain.

No. 157. LORD, I WOULD OWN THY TENDER CARE.

(Song Book Page 198.)

1 Lord, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

2 My health and friends and parents dear
To me, by God are given,
I have not any blessing here
That's not bestowed by heaven.

3 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child cannot repay,
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

No. 158. IN OUR LOVELY DESERET.

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.")

1 In our lovely Deseret,
Where the Saints of God have met,
There's a multitude of children all around,

They are generous and brave—
They have precious souls to save,
They must listen and obey the gospel's sound.

CHORUS;

Hark, hark, hark, 'tis children's music—
Children's voices, O, how sweet,
When in innocence and love,
Like the angels up above,
They with happy hearts and cheerful faces meet.

2 That the children may live long,
And be beautiful and strong,
Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise,
Drink no liquor, and they eat
But a very little meat;
They are seeking to be great and good and wise.

3 They should be instructed young,
How to watch and guard the tongue;
And their tempers train, and evil passions bind.

They should always be polite,
And treat everybody right,
And in every place be affable and kind.

4 They must not forget to pray,
Night and morning, every day,
For the Lord to keep them safe from every ill,
And assist them to do right,
That with all their mind and might,
They may love Him and may learn to do His will.

E. R. Snow.

No. 159. COME, ALL YE SONS OF ZION.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 258.)

1 Come all ye sons of Zion,
And let us praise the Lord;
His ransomed are returning,
According to His word;
In sacred songs and gladness
They walk the narrow way,
And thank the Lord who brought them
To see the latter day.

2 Come, ye dispersed of Judah,
Join in the theme and sing,
With harmony unceasing,
The praises of your King,
Whose arm is now extended,
On which the world may gaze,
To gather up the righteous
In these the latter days.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel!
And let your joys abound;
The voice of God shall reach you
Wherever you are found,
And call you back from bondage,
That you may sing His praise
In Zion and Jerusalem,
In these the latter days.

4 Then gather up for Zion,
Ye Saints throughout the land,
And clear the way before you,
As God shall give command.
Though wicked men and devils
Exert their power, 'tis vain,
Since He who is eternal
Has said you shall obtain.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 160. COME, COME, YE SAINTS.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 327.)

1 Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive:
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well! all is well!

2 Why should we mourn, or think or lot is hard?
'Tis not so; all is right!
Why should we think to earn a great reward,
If we now shun the fight?
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—
All is well! all is well!

3 We'll find the place which God for us prepared,
Far away in the West;
Where none shall come to hurt, nor make afraid:
There the Saints will be blessed.
We'll make the air with music ring—
Shout praises to our God and King:
Above the rest these words we'll tell—
All is well! all is well!

4 And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! all is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow too;
With the just we shall dwell.
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
O, how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well! all is well!

W. Clayton.

No. 161. COME, LET US ANEW,
(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 316.)

1 Come, let us anew, our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away.
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moments are gone,
The Millennial year
Presses on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through—
I have finished the work Thou did'st give me to do."
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

Wesley's Col.

No. 162. DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 304.)

1 Do what is right; the day-dawn is breaking,
Hailing a future of freedom and light:
Angels above us are silent notes taking
Of every action; do what is right!

CHORUS:

Do what is right; let the consequence follow;
Battle for freedom in spirit and might;
And with stout hearts look ye forth till tomorrow,
God will protect you; do what is right!

2 Do what is right; the shackles are falling;
Chains of the bondsmen no longer are bright;
Lightened by hope, soon they'll cease to be galling;
Truth goeth onward: do what is right!

3 Do what is right: be faithful and fearless;
Onward—press onward, the goal is in sight;
Eyes that are wet now, ere long will be tearless;
Blessings await you in doing what's right.

No. 163. FOR THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 311.)

1 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God;
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod;
Thou hast led Thy chosen Israel
To freedom's last abode—
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God.

2 At the hands of foul oppressors,
We have borne and suffered long;
Thou hast been our help in weakness,
And Thy strength has made us strong:

'Mid ruthless foes outnumbered,
Our weary steps we trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee.
Our God our father's God.

3 Thou has led us here in safety,
Where Thy mountain bulwark stands,
As the guardian of the loved ones
Thou hast brought from many lands;
For the rock and for the river,
For the valley's fertile sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God.

4 For the shadow of Thy presence,
Round our camp of rock o'erspread;
For the canyon's rugged defiles,
And the beetling crags o'erhead;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God.

No. 164. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 282.)

1 How firm a foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said—
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand so thy succor shall be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee; O, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'er-
flow
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy sup-
ply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only de-
sign
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to re-
fine.

6 E'en down to old age, all My people shall
prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;

And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs shall they still in My bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake.
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

Kirkham.

No. 165. OUR GOD, WE RAISE TO THEE.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 261.)

1 Our God, we raise to Thee
Thanks for Thy blessings free
We here enjoy:
In this far western land:
A true and chosen band,
Led hither by Thy hand,
Would sing for joy.

2 Bless Thou our Prophet dear;
May health and comfort cheer
His noble heart;

His words with fire impress
On souls that Thou wilt bless,
Nor gold may they caress,
But free impart.

3 So shall Thy kingdom spread,
As by Thy Prophets said,
From sea to sea:
As one united whole
Truth burn in every soul,
While hast'ning to the goal
We long to see.

4 O may Thy Saints be one,
Like Father and the Son,
Nor disagree;
United heart and hand,
So may they ever stand
A firm and valiant band
Eternally.

B. Snow.

No. 166. O MY FATHER.

(L. D. S. Psalmody. No. 233.)

1 O my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?

In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near Thy side?

2 For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth;
Yet ofttimes a secret something
Whispers, You're a stranger here;
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

3 I had learned to call Thee Father,
Through Thy Spirit from on high,
But, until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I've a Mother there.

4 When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal court on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With you mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

E. R. Snow.

No. 167. O! YE MOUNTAINS HIGH.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 315.)

1 O! ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free,
Where the pure breezes blow
And the clear streamlets flow,
How I've longed to your bosom to flee.
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free;
My own mountain home, now to thee I have come,
All my fond hopes are centered in thee.

2 Though the great and the wise all thy beauties despise,
To the humble and pure thou art dear;
Though the haughty may smile,
And the wicked revile,
Yet we love thy glad tidings to hear.
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free;
Though thou wert forced to fly to thy chambers on high,
Yet we'll share joy or sorrow with thee.

3 In thy mountain retreat, God will strengthen thy feet;
On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread;
And their silver and gold, as the Prophets have told,
Shall be brought to adorn thy fair head.
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,
Soon thy towers shall shine with a splendor divine,
And eternal thy glory shall be.

4 Here our voices we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise,
Sacred home of the Prophets of God;
Thy deliverance is nigh, thy oppressors shall die;
And the Gentiles shall bow 'neath thy rod,
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free;
In thy temples we'll bend, all thy rights we'll defend,
And our home shall be ever with thee.

C. W. Penrose.

No. 168. O SAY WHAT IS TRUTH?

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 312.)

1 O say what is truth? 'Tis the fairest gem
That the riches of worlds can produce;
And priceless the value of truth will be when
The proud monarch's costliest diadem
Is counted but dross and refuse.

2 Yes, say what is truth? 'Tis the brightest prize
To which mortals or Gods can aspire;
Go search in the depths where it glittering lies,
Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies,
'Tis an aim for the noblest desire.

3 The sceptre may fall from the despot's grasp
When with winds of stern justice he copes,

But the pillar of truth will endure to the last,
And its firm-rooted bulwarks outstand the rude blast,
And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes.

4 Then say what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first,
For the limits of time it steps o'er;
Though the heavens depart, and the earth's fountains burst.
Truth, the sum of existence, will weather the worst,
Eternal, unchanged, evermore.

J. Jaques.

No. 169. DOXOLOGY.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 57.)

1 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Kenn.

No. 170. PRAISE TO THE MAN.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 278.)

1 Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah:
Jesus anointed "that Prophet and Seer,"
Blessed to open the last dispensation;
Kings shall extol him and nations revere.

CHORUS:

Hail to the Prophet, ascended to heaven:
Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain;
Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his brethren;
Death cannot conquer the hero again.

2 Praise to his mem'ry, he died as a martyr;
Honored and blest be his ever great name:
Long shall his blood, which was shed by assassins,
Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame.

3 Great is his glory, and endless his priesthood;
Ever and ever the keys he will hold;
Faithful and true he will enter his kingdom,
Crowned in the midst of the prophets of old.

4 Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven;
Earth must atone for the blood of that man;
Wake up the world for the conflict of justice;
Millions shall know "Brother Joseph" again.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 171. REDEEMER OF ISRAEL.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 391.)

1 Redeemer of Israel,
Our only delight,
On whom for a blessing we call;
Our shadow by day,
And our pillar by night,
Our King, our Deliv'rer, our all!

2 We know He is coming
To gather His sheep,
And lead them to Zion in love;
For why in the valley
Of death should they weep,
Or in the lone wilderness rove?

3 How long we have wandered
As strangers in sin,
And cried in the desert for Thee!
Our foes have rejoiced
When our sorrows they've seen;
But Israel will shortly be free.

4 As children of Zion,
Good tidings for us,
The tokens already appear;
Fear not, and be just,
For the kingdom is ours;
The hour of redemption is near.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 172. THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 274.)

1 The Spirit of God like a fire is burning!
The latter-day glory begins to come forth;

The visions and blessings of old are returning,
The angels are coming to visit the earth.

CHORUS:

We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of heaven—
Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!
Let glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and forever: Amen and Amen!

2 The Lord is extending the Saints understanding,
Restoring their judges and all as at first;
The knowledge and power of God are expanding;
The vail o'er the earth is beginning to burst.

3 How blessed the day when the lamb and the lion
Shall lie down together without any ire,
And Ephraim be crowned with his blessing in Zion
As Jesus descends with His chariots of fire!

W. W. Phelps.

No. 173. THE TIME IS FAR SPENT.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 310.)

1 The time is far spent—there is little remaining
To publish glad tidings by sea and by land;
Then hasten ye heralds! go forward proclaiming—
Repent, for the kingdom of heaven's at hand.

2 Shrink not from your duty, however unpleasant,
But follow the Savior, your pattern and friend;
Our little afflictions, though painful at present,
Ere long, with the righteous, in glory will end.

3 What though, if the favor of Ahman possessing
This world's bitter hate you are called to endure—
The angels are waiting to crown you with blessings;
Go, brethren! be faithful, the promise is sure.

4 Be fixed in your purpose, for Satan will try you;
The weight of your calling he perfectly knows;
Your path may be thorny but Jesus is nigh you;
His arm is sufficient though demons oppose,

E. R. Snow.

No. 174. WE THANK THEE, O GOD, FOR A PROPHET.

(L. D. S. Psalmody, No. 271.)

1 We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet,
To guide us in these latter days;
We thank Thee for sending the Gospel
To lighten our minds with its rays;
We thank Thee for every blessing
Bestowed by Thy bounteous hand;
We feel it a pleasure to serve Thee,
And love to obey Thy commands.

2 When dark clouds of trouble hang o'er us,
And threaten our peace to destroy,
There is hope smiling brightly before us,
And we know that deliv'rance is nigh;

We doubt not the Lord, nor His goodness—
We've proved Him in days that are past;
The wicked who fight against Zion
Will surely be smitten at last.

3 We'll sing of His goodness and mercy;
We'll praise Him by day and by night,
Rejoice in His glorious Gospel,
And bask in its life-giving light;
Thus on to eternal perfection
The honest and faithful will go;
While they who reject this glad message,
Shall never such happiness know.

W. Fowler.

No. 175. NOW LET US REJOICE IN THE DAY OF SALVATION.

(L. D. S. Psalmody No. 276.)

1 Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation;
No longer as strangers on earth need we roam,
Good tidings are sounding to us and each nation,
And shortly the hour of redemption will come.
When all that was promised the Saints will be given,
And none will molest them from morn until even,
And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
And Jesus will say to all Israel, Come home.

2 We'll love one another, and never dissemble,
But cease to do evil, and ever be one;
And when the ungodly are fearing, and tremble,
We'll watch for the day when the Savior will come
When all that was promised the Saints will be given,
And none will molest them from morn until even,
And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
And Jesus will say to all Israel, Come home.

3 In faith we'll rely on the arm of Jehovah
To guide through these last days of trouble and gloom,
And, after the scourges and harvest are over,
We'll rise with the just when the Savior doth come.
Then all that was promised the Saints will be given,
And they will be crowned as the angels of heaven,
And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
And Christ and His people will ever be one.

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